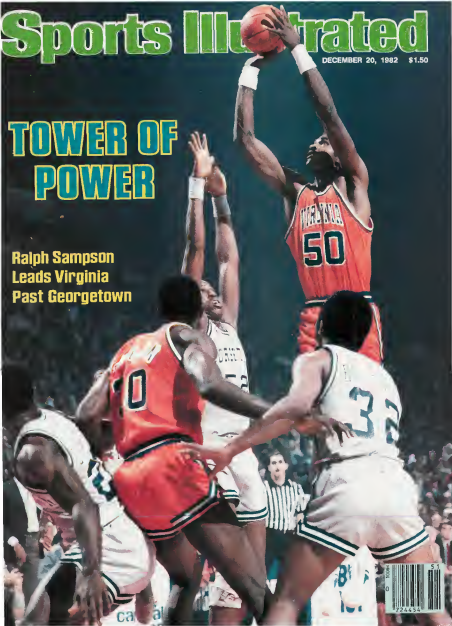


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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



OTTUM CHATTING UP AN OLD FRIEND, THE MORMON METEOR

Senior Writer Bob Ottum, who lives on a hilltop overlooking Salt Lake City, reckons the balcony of his house is about 5,400 feet above sea level. That would put his garage at about 5,390, a steep climb from town, which is at about 4,200, and Ottum says he often has to talk his Audi 4000 up the hill—“C’mon, old girl, you can make it.” And as a reward for doing so, the car gets a gentle pat on a rear fender from Ottum.

It’s such intimacies between Ottum and automobiles that we’re concerned with here. “I’ve always had a crush on fine cars,” he says. “I never wanted to tinker with them, never wanted to race them. I just sort of admire them as functional pieces of art.” So we present, beginning on page 34, Ottum’s inside account of vintage-auto racing in England. We haven’t pressed him too hard to name his sources, but what seems to prevail in the piece are the sentiments of a Talbot-Lago or a Maserati 250-F.

Ottum’s rapport with automobiles bloomed 19 years ago, when, in his second month at SL, he was sent to Indianapolis to cover the 500. “I leaped on the place,” he says, “and went straight to Dan Gurney for my first interview because he had a reputation for being a nice man. Dan took me by the shoulder and said, ‘This is a car. This is the front end. This is the back end. This is the engine, which is what makes it go.’”

Ottum went on to cover racing for the next five years—including a number of assignments at the Bonneville Salt Flats to watch the speed runs

of cars like the Mormon Meteor (left)—and edited it for seven more. Along the way, he and another writer, Bill Neely, with whom Ottum had drunk many a vodka Gibson on the beat, wrote a hilarious, free-wheeling novel entitled *Stand On It*, the gripping life story of Stroker Ace, your definitive race-driving rogue. *Stand On It*, the movie, has just been completed, starring

Burt Reynolds (who else?) as Stroker and Loni Anderson as Pembroke Feeney.

Ottum was a natural for our vintage-auto racing assignment. Like the collectors about whom he reports, he, too, pines for the heady days when drivers were fit and tires were skinny. When he arrived at England’s Silverstone circuit in September, his heart leaped as it hadn’t since he was thrown green upon the Indy 500. “Here was a band of people who think the way I do!” he exclaims. “There’s a great feeling of correctness about this type of racing that’s forever gone from grand prix driving. Imagine, guys wearing cracked leather helmets and split-lens goggles, thumbing their noses at technology as they thrashed their classic, wonderful-smelling old racecars around. It restored my sense of the rightness of things. I wanted to get that feeling into print before I reached the fuddy-duddy stage.”

Which is not to say that Ottum only travels by car. He’s an avid jogger, who last week was doing his thing between banks of snow cleared from the roads high above Salt Lake City. And he’s planning to pedal his 15-speed mountain bike up into the Wasatch Range next summer. Clearly, he accomplished the vintage-car assignment with plenty of time to spare, fuddy-duddywise.

Philip D. Howard

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EDITED BY ROBERT W. GREAMER

ON THE BEACH AT WAIKIKI

The annual winter baseball meetings ended last week in Honolulu and a disgruntled observer said they were a lot like the Don Ho show that the minor leagues presented at their association's banquet: Both the meetings and Ho (hum) promised a lot but delivered little.

The Hot Stove League was supposed to be fueled by winter-meeting trades, and when the Red Sox sent star Third Baseman Carney Lunsford to the A's for slugger Outfielder Tony Armas on the first day, the press conference in the Koko Crater Room of the Sheraton Waikiki was awash with anticipation of more. But then, for a couple of days, nothing. Oh, sure, Bowie Kuhn made a dandy speech. Tom Selleck of *Magnum, P.I.* showed up and was given a Detroit Tiger cap by Sparky Anderson. The Mets announced the marriage of Broadcaster Ralph Kiner to Di Ann Shugart. And the Cubs showed off some snappy stationery.

After that, things heated up a little. George Steinbrenner signed free agent Steve Kemp to a five-year contract, which for the moment gave the Yankees 10 outfielders at an annual cost of around \$8 million. "George is collecting outfielders like nuclear warheads," Baltimore owner Edward Bennett Williams said. "What's he building? Dense Pack?" Later that day Steinbrenner thinned the pack by sending Dave Collins, one of his prize catches last year, to Toronto, along with two other players and \$400,000 the Blue Jays could use to help pay Collins' salary. The Yankees got a pair in return.

The biggest deal—hardly a blockbuster—came when the Phillies traded Second Baseman Manny Trillo, Outfielder George Vukovich and three excellent young prospects to the Indians for Outfielder Von Hayes, who had 14 homers and 82 RBIs as a rookie last summer and who baseball men feel is a coming star. Actually, the trade was made for Hayes' and Cleveland President Gabe Paul's orange sweater. Philadelphia General Manager Paul Owens said, "I told Gabe that if we made the deal he had to give me the sweater. I love the color. There's a pair of slacks to be named later, too."

The Astros signed free agent Outfielder Omar (The Outmaker) Moreno, the Mets announced they had agreed in prin-

ciple to bring Tom Seaver back to New York from Cincinnati, and there were a couple of other bits of news. But where was the really big trade? Excitement grew when the two Chicago clubs announced a joint press conference for 5 p.m. last Friday. What would it be? Bill Buckner for Greg Luzinski? Leon Durham for Harold Baines? Well, no. It turned out to be Reggie Waller for Tye Patterson, or Tye Waller for Reggie Patterson. Whatever.

In all, there were only eight transactions, involving 26 players. Two years ago, 59 players were moved, and it has been ages since the number of deals fell below double figures. What the meetings in Hawaii demonstrated is that baseball trading is moribund, if not actually dead, mostly because of the complexity of present-day contracts. "It's ridiculous to fly all the way to Hawaii and nobody does anything," said Cardinal Manager Whitely Herzog.

It's not that no one tried. The Rangers and the Dodgers announced a trade in which Catcher Jim Sundberg would go to Los Angeles. But the Dodgers wanted Sundberg to renegotiate his highly favorable contract. Sundberg refused, and the trade was off.

"I don't blame Jim," said Texas General Manager Joe Klein. "I don't blame the Dodgers. I blame the collective bargaining agreement. It used to be that after a name was mentioned for a trade I'd run up and look at the scouting report on the player. Now the first thing I look up is his contract."

Aloha.

ASK MR. J

The week before the Virginia-Georgetown basketball confrontation (page 14), sportswriter George Vecsey of *The New York Times* got to wondering what Thomas Jefferson, who, among many other things, founded the University of Virginia, would think of the ballyhooed event, with its 19,035 spectators and \$575,000 TV rights. Vecsey talked to Merrill Peterson, dean of the faculty at Virginia and author of several books on Jefferson, who said Jefferson would be "astounded. [Jefferson] ... did talk about physical fitness as an extracurricu-

lar activity—he provided for a dance-master, for example, and, of course, young men belonged to the militia—but big-time sports would be out of his ken."

There's at least one antispports quotation from Jefferson to suggest that Peterson's judgment is too mild. In one edition of his *Writings*, Jefferson noted, "Games played with the ball, and others of that nature, are too violent for the body and stamp no character on the mind."

Sorry, Ralph.

KID STUFF

When Dule Brown became LSU's basketball coach a decade ago, he formed a group called the Tiger Tykes, a bunch of youngsters, aged 3 to 13, who put on a sort of Globetrotter show to entertain folks at halftime of LSU games. The kids



would do a lot of fancy dribbling and passing and shooting and get so good at it that they were invited to appear at other games and even on national TV. The Tykes put on their act all over the Southeast for four seasons.

Youngsters who can perform that well must have a lot of athletic ability, and time has proved it so. Among the Tiger Tykes were John Tudor, who's now a junior guard for LSU; Bobby Tudor, John's brother, a former Rice player; Derrick

continued



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SCORECARD continued

Taylor, who started at guard for LSU as a freshman last year but is scholastically ineligible this season, Dana Moore, a football player at Mississippi State who beat LSU this fall with a 45-yard field goal with 25 seconds to go, Neal DeLocono, who'll be a starting linebacker for UCLA in the Rose Bowl, and Mike DeLocono, Neal's brother, a wide receiver at Louisiana Tech.

THE DOCTOR AND THE POSTER

The Philadelphia 76ers are doing nicely on court this season, with Moses Malone and Julius Erving making beautiful music, but they're not performing quite as well in the public relations area. Some picky 76er fans noticed that a 5½-foot-high poster of Dr. J given away to kids at a Philadelphia-Chicago game in the Spectrum didn't look right. For one thing, there was a Nassau Coliseum banner in the background. The Coliseum is where Erving played when he was a New York Net (1973-76). Erving had on a 76er home uniform, which he would not have worn at the Coliseum. And he was wearing his hair in an Afro, a style he discarded some time ago. It turned out to be an old photo of the Doctor that had been authorized to sub a Philly uniform for the Nets uniform he had on when the picture was taken years ago.

It seems a bit shabby, although the Sixers say they've had no complaints. Maybe Philadelphia fans, griping already because the club charges \$50 for some seats and \$16 for most of the rest, can't get too upset over a little thing like a poster. Even if it is 5½ feet high.

FADED ROSES

When Washington State upset Washington a few weeks back and knocked the Huskies out of a third straight trip to the Rose Bowl there was dismay in Seattle, but it was nothing like the gloom that hit Yreka, Calif. Yreka (pronounced why-REEK-ah), a city of about 5,000 in the northern part of the state, isn't to be confused with Eureka, a larger town not far away on the Pacific Coast. Yreka is inland, and its reaction to the Washington-Washington State game can be traced to the fact that it sits off Interstate 5 about halfway along the main north-south route from Seattle to Pasadena.

In short, Yreka is a natural stepping-off place for Washington football fans.

continued

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4:00PM California Bowl*
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8:00PM Tangerine Bowl*
Boston College vs Auburn *LIVE*.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 19

12:30PM WCT Tennis: The Hartford

Open Final *LIVE*.

NBA Doubleheader: 7:30PM Detroit Pistons vs Boston
Celtics *LIVE*.

10:30PM Dallas Mavericks vs Los Angeles Lakers *LIVE*.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 20

College Basketball Doubleheader: 8:00PM Marquette vs
Minnesota *LIVE*.

11:00PM LSU vs UCLA *LIVE*.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 21

8:00PM College Basketball: North Carolina State
vs Louisville *LIVE*.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 22

College Basketball Doubleheader:

8:00PM DePaul vs Purdue *LIVE*.

10:00PM Minnesota vs Jacksonville*

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23

8:00PM College Basketball:

UCLA vs Maryland *LIVE*.

10:00PM Top Rank Boxing from
Las Vegas, NV *LIVE*.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24

10:00PM Ice Skating:

Ennia Cup from the Netherlands.

11:30PM F.I.S. World Cup Skiing: Women's
Downhill from Piancavallo, Italy.

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journeying to and from the Rose Bowl. Yrekaans have grown accustomed to opening their arms—and their cash registers—to motorists from the north. They've taken to wearing Washington buttons and stringing banners saying YREKA HAS HUSKY FEVER across Main Street. The local radio station carried broadcasts of Washington's games, the only station in California to do so on a regular basis.

Last January, Yrekaans grew especially fond of their friends from Washington when a big snowstorm closed down the Interstate just as folks were returning north from the Rose Bowl. Stranded in Yreka, they spent a lot of money there as they waited out the storm.

Naturally, Yreka was looking forward to the Huskies playing in the Rose Bowl again. A dinner this fall for local merchants was repeatedly interrupted by cheers for announcements that Washington was beating Arizona State, a victory that seemed to assure another prosperous holiday season in Yreka.

But the Huskies lost to State and blew the Roses and are traveling instead to the Aloha Bowl in Honolulu. Yreka isn't on the road to Hawaii. And that's why Yrekaans won't find the New Year so happy this time around.

PEACEFUL COEXISTENCE

The cries of poverty emanating from NBA owners have reached all the way down to the Continental Basketball Association, that minor league testing ground of equipment, rules and players for the NBA. Though the 1982-83 season is long since under way, the big league has yet to renew its player development contract with the CBA. Last year the NBA paid \$152,500 for the right to sign any CBA player at any time. This year there hasn't been a dime.

That good deal cost each NBA club only \$6,500 last season, or about \$560 more than Moses Malone gets per day to tote his lunch pail. Some observers think, too, that the NBA balked because of the CBA's audacity in expanding into Detroit, long the territory of the Pistons. That the big league would worry at all is a surprise, because a) the CBA has coexisted with the NBA on four other occasions, most recently in Philadelphia two seasons ago, b) the CBA's Detroit Spirits hardly play the quality basketball that the Pistons do, and c) the Spirits play in

downtown Cobo Arena, 30 miles from the Pistons' Silverdome home in Pontiac.

CBA Commissioner Jim Drucker says, "The NBA is misguided if it thinks we're a threat to it. That's not the case." Indeed, though the Spirits drew a CBA-record crowd of 5,048 to their Dec. 5 home opener against the Wisconsin Flyers, the Pistons are averaging more than 14,000 fans per game, 38% higher than last season's club-record pace and the fifth best in the NBA.

As for the NBA saving money, Drucker is currently negotiating individually with several NBA teams for the signing rights the league as a whole enjoyed last year. And at higher rates.

A QUESTION OF EMPHASIS

A scuffle of sorts erupted in Colorado recently when Henry Cotton, the principal of suburban Denver's Cherry Creek High, the state's largest (enrollment: 3,400), was quoted in *The Denver Post* as saying he'd like to do away with high school football. Cotton's remarks were particularly volatile because he made them the week 13-0 Cherry Creek was to play Regis High for the state championship. "I hope nobody shows up," the principal said. As it turned out, about 8,000 fans saw Cherry Creek prevail 22-13 and win the title.

Cotton's remarks made the front page of *The Post* and were circulated all over the country by the wire services. Reaction was lively. "The media has been ripping me pretty good," Cotton says, "and a number of kooks have called to express their anonymous opinions." On the other hand, he says phone calls to the school after the story appeared ran 14 to 1 in his favor. "I had letters from other school officials, from politicians, from people who didn't want to sack their necks out, but who supported me," he says.

At a school pep rally just before the Regis game, when Cotton rose to speak to the 2,400 students in attendance, there were some boos, but members of the football team began to cheer and clap, and the cheerleaders joined in. "That was that for the booing," Cotton says.

He's not against sports, Cotton explains, just the overemphasis on sports. He concedes it would be all but impossible to abolish high school football, but he'd like to stop post-season tournaments, bar college recruiters from the school, eliminate organized off-season

physical conditioning programs for varsity sports and get rid of television coverage of high school games.

"This year we had a TV contract—for high school games," he says. "That's ludicrous. You've got high school kids holding press conferences, announcing what college they're going to. That's so far out of perspective, it's ridiculous."

It's not just football, he says. Cherry Creek has a 6'11½" senior basketball center named Mike Burns who has received letters from more than 120 colleges. "We had to get him his own mailbox," Cotton says. "He gets more mail than our whole faculty. There's something wrong about a 17-year-old receiving that type of treatment."

"It's funny. The day we make a major breakthrough in heart surgery [the artificial heart implant performed in Salt Lake City], I was on the top of the front page with Ted Kennedy, while the surgery was down at the bottom. That's what I mean about overemphasis."

"I don't want to see high school athletics go the way of college athletics—excessive attention, the cable-TV power struggles, the corruption. I see high school sports as the last amateur sports in America. I'd like to keep them that way."

THEY SAID IT

• Jim Marchiony, Georgetown sports information director, on the extraordinary demand for press credentials to last Saturday's showdown between Georgetown and Virginia: "The most suspicious request came from a radio station that wanted a seat for a photographer."

• Calvin Peete, pro golfer who at 40 won more than \$300,000 this year, after passing his high school equivalency test: "Now that I'm a high school graduate, all kinds of opportunities should open up for me next year."

• Hugh Durham, Georgia basketball coach, on his 7'2" freshman Center Troy Hitchcock, who weighed only 180 before the season began: "He pulled a muscle in practice the other day. That was bad news because he had to miss practice, but it was good news because we discovered he had a muscle."

• Sugar Ray Leonard, in an address to students at Harvard: "I consider myself blessed. I consider you blessed. We've all been blessed with God-given talents. Mine just happens to be beaten people up."

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When Push Came To Shove

In a memorable first meeting, Ralph Sampson and Virginia beat Pat Ewing and Georgetown

by CURRY KIRKPATRICK

He lingered on the sideline for a while as the rest of the players jabbared and slapped fives and measured each other at the center circle. Only when it was time did he make his move, strolling, sauntering almost, across the gleaming Capital Centre floor so that everyone—players, coaches, fans, Senators, the folks watching in TV land and all the ships at sea—could get a good long look at all seven feet four inches of him. If this colossal Virginia-Georgetown thing was to be his test, his crucible, his own game to win or lose, Ralph Sampson was going to make himself an entrance. And, by God, Ralph Sampson did.

Perhaps it was that moment right there that he showed he was indisputably college basketball's main man. Or maybe it was when, barely a minute into the game, Sampson reached from behind to block the first shot attempted by his younger, smaller—by four inches—ornier nemesis, his shadow,

continued

The battle for position produced a clear winner: Sampson is the No. 1 big man.

the glorious and glowering Patrick Ewing. Or it could even have been that breathtaking sequence later on, with the game in the balance, when first Sampson jammed, then Ewing hook-jammed over Sampson and finally, when Ewing's own massive presence caused Sampson to miss once ... twice ... thrice from point-blank dunking range and still he persisted, drawing a foul.

But it wasn't any single play or sequence that distinguished Sampson against Georgetown this night. Moment

to moment to moment, offense to defense, on the backboards and in transition, he kept imposing his will on the game so that not only could he win the war but his team could win the battle. Is that backward? Not really. Virginia's 68-63 victory over Georgetown wasn't only closer than the score would indicate but much smaller than Sampson's victory over Ewing. In the end, the better team may not have come out on top. But the better player did.

Forget Sampson's 23-to-16 edge over

Ewing in points, his 16-to-8 margin in rebounds—who would have thought Sampson would double him off the glass?—and even his 7-to-5 advantage in blocked shots. Raw numbers do not reveal how Sampson outplayed his rival over the length and breadth of the floor. If Ewing muscled up and elbowed Sampson out of one play, Sampson used his newly developed strength and aggressiveness to hold and body Ewing out of the next two. If Ewing ran the court, up and down, three times, Sampson did the same a fourth. If Ewing dived for one loose ball, Sampson dived for two. When is the last time anybody saw Ralph Sampson sprawled on the hardwood fighting for possession?

It was Sampson who eluded Ewing on several occasions and beat him to the basket for thunderous slams—not the other way around. It was Sampson whose defense forced Ewing to the baseline for off-balance, falling-out-of-bounds, turn-around shots and who plugged the middle off from other shooters—not the other way around. Moreover, it was Sampson who took command in the first half, helping the Cavaliers forge an early 12-point lead that they desperately needed to survive the onrushing Hoya hordes over the final 20 minutes.

In the opening half, Georgetown Coach John Thompson accorded Sampson the ultimate tribute by shying away from him both offensively—the Hoyas refused to pound the ball inside while heaving up outrageously long jump-shot bricks—and at the defensive end where, on Thompson's instructions, 6' 7" Forward Bill Martin and not Ewing checked Sampson when Georgetown left its combination zones to go man-to-man.

Was Sampson intimidating the old intimidator, Thompson, himself? The Hoya coach said he wanted his young charges—seven Hoyas played at least 15 minutes: three freshmen, three sophomores, and one junior—to bide their time until they reached a "comfort level," as he put it, devoid of excessive fouls. But under this offensive discipline, Georgetown rookie marksman David Wingate missed five of six shots, several from long range. "Wingate could miss



Returning a favor of a few moments earlier Ewing hook-dunks smack over Sampson.



Though ill, Sampson rose to the occasion by scoring 23 points.

made two dunks, a short jumper that Ewing had goal-tended and a leaping, pirouette tip of an alley-oop pass from Wilson. The only time the two centers seemed to notice one another was when Ewing tugged at the back of Sampson's shirt in order to extricate him from a pileup. Still on the floor, Sampson turned and barked at Ewing, who seemed taken aback. This wasn't the kindly Virginia gentleman from The Lawn he had heard about after all. "A couple of times when the ball was down low and it was too late for me to do anything about it, I caught myself just staring at them," Wilson said of the two pivotmen. "They were all everyone billed them to be, weren't they?"

Well, yes—almost. The local news media having been weaned on world wars, presidential assassinations and the like, for Sampson and Ewing to have overcome the hype surrounding the game, one of them would have had to show up with Meryl Streep on his arm and the other to arrive with a cordon of Secret Service agents.

Charts, graphs, matchups and analyses engulfed the area dailies, including the Rev. Moon's *Washington Times*, wherein a journalist named Happy Fine compared the occasion to "Zachary Taylor vs. Santa Ana, Custer vs. Sitting Bull, Pershing vs. Pancho Villa." Whew! War might be hell, but now we're talking simile. Even columnist Art Buchwald joined in the fun, naming a computer robot who takes over the world "SAMPSON."

Back in real life, most coaches' predictions were based on some obvious characteristics of the teams. Arizona State's Bob Weinbauer opted for Georgetown's quickness. Las Vegas' Jerry Turkman

continued

100 in a row and he'd think something's wrong with the basketball," Thompson had said. "He's got no conscience." All told, Georgetown whiffed on 23 of 32 in the first half. Meanwhile, the Hoyas' supposedly suffocating full-court traps and presses weren't having their desired effect either. Virginia guards Othell Wilson, Ricky Stokes and Rick Carlisle found enough open seams to riddle the

defense with fast breaks and transition buckets as the Cavaliers raced to a 33-23 halftime lead.

Even then the potential blowout was developing virtually unnoticed, so riveting was the Sampson-Ewing matchup. In the first half Ewing twice faked Sampson off his feet to convert easy lay-ins, but that was all Ewing got, save for a single free throw. At the other end, Sampson

preferred Virginia's experience. A number of experts polled by the *The Washington Post* seemed to side with Georgetown even though Virginia went off as a 2½-point favorite with the oddsmakers. "Georgetown does a few more things with getting Ewing the ball, and Sampson doesn't seem to want it," said Tennessee Coach Don DeVoe. "Sampson doesn't always work hard. He's the kind of player who can get lost sometimes."

Boston College Coach Gary Williams summed up the consensus, however, when asked which center he'd choose to start a team. "Because I'm a good guy," Williams said, "I'll take the one who's left."

Thompson had prepared his kiddie corps for judgment day by combing the atlas for early opponents. Georgetown opened the season with a 72-51 victory over the BYU-Hawaii Seasideers at

Late—"We could have lost that one," Thompson said with an attempt at a straight face—and last Wednesday night the Hoyas defeated Alabama State 99-76 as the Georgetown rosters, instead of begging for 100, yelled, "We want Ralph!"

Later that same evening, approximately 300 miles away in Durham, N.C., Virginia was warming up for its game against Duke when the hosts' student section began chanting "Georgetown! Georgetown! Georgetown!" When some Virginia supporters showed up at the bench clad in the school's bright orange colors, the Dookies clamored "Tacky! Tacky! Tacky!" On the floor the Cavaliers couldn't help breaking up.

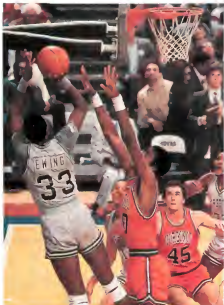
After Virginia beat Duke 104-91, nobody would admit that the Cavs may have been looking ahead. But there were signs. Way back in October, Virginia Re-

serve Guard Doug Newburg had taken to wearing an old T shirt under his practice jersey. Cold, Doug? "The Ewing look," Newburg said. On campus people would stop Wilson and ask if he was ready for the big game. "What big game?" Wilson would reply. The weekend before Duke, Sampson and Forward Jimmy Miller had gone over to Carlisle's apartment to watch the telecast of the Georgetown-Western Kentucky game. Georgetown narrowly prevailed in overtime after Ewing slammed home a rebound of a missed free throw and flashed with a career high of 30 points. "It's been hard not to keep pondering Georgetown," Carlisle said, smiling. "We've been following their scores."

Against Duke the Cavaliers were more than preoccupied with Georgetown as they fell behind by 12 points in the first half. This was the first ACC game played



In a key sequence, Pat blocked Ralph twice before fouling.



Forced to the baseline, Ewing hit the side of the backboard on this shot.

under the new rules (a 30-second clock and a 19-foot three-point line), and early on the Virginia players actually looked worn out. "I couldn't catch my breath sometimes," Sampson said. "I don't think I was running well or playing good defense for my standards." Sampson recovered to accumulate 36 points, 14 rebounds and five blocks—but this was against a team whose front line is predominately freshman and not a one over 6' 8". With that big lead, under the old rules, Duke could have maneuvered into a delay game and seriously threatened a hesitant Virginia.

The game also provided grist for the theory that ACC-style basketball, Virginia style, a finesse approach tending at times toward passivity, wouldn't serve the Cavaliers well against the intense, physical Georgetown bunch. The team played "soft" against Duke, often turned its collective head on defense and avoided going for the jugular. "We haven't gotten to where we want to be," Sampson said.

Everyone knew that the Hoyas were searching, too. Their point guard and backcourt leader, junior Fred Brown, had tried to play on his injured right knee against Alabama State, but he was in obvious pain. Thompson and Brown talked it over. The most experienced Hoya wouldn't play against Virginia.

Moreover, in Georgetown's first six games the team hadn't gotten enough outside points from the slumping Anthony Jones. Thus, in turn, gave greater scoring responsibility to Michael Jackson, a more offensively oriented freshman, and kept defensive specialist Gene Smith as a reserve. "I recruited Smith to be a substitute anyway," Thompson said. So now he was starting an all-rookie backcourt of Jackson and Wingate, which seemed to present Virginia with a substantial edge at the guards.

But, of course, who cared? "When you talk about the pure significance of the game," Thompson said, "it's very insignificant." This from a representative of the same school whose athletic director, Frank Rienzo, peddled the TV rights to the game to the Turner Broadcasting System so astutely that Georgetown wound up with a bundle.

After Georgetown and Virginia agreed to split 18,000 of the Capital Centre's 19,035 seats, Rienzo announced he

continued



The flying Wilson took the Cavaliers through the Hoyas' intense full-court pressure.

Stokes got past Smith on a second-half fast break that gave Virginia a 51-41 lead.





Thompson sizes up the scene, and a ref.

VIRGINIA continued

would sell the Hoyas' share as part of the school's season-ticket package. Any Georgetown fan who wanted to watch the Virginia game in person would have to fork over for the 14 other home games as well. Any fan who wanted to watch it on television couldn't do it in Washington, which has no cable. Furthermore, there were "no plans for local commercial television availability." Not surprisingly, Rienzo sold his 9,000 season tickets. When it became clear that the Capital Centre would be filled, the blackout was lifted and Turner sold the game to a local TV station after all.

Combining the TV money with the gate receipts, Georgetown reportedly earned more than \$600,000 from the game. (Virginia, which had to split the TV revenues with the other seven ACC schools, made approximately \$185,000.)

By the time all of last week's introductory words and numbers had been heard, it was left to Ewing to echo the feeling of

all concerned. "I'm sick and tired of hearing about the game," he said. "The only thing I'm anxious for is to get it over with."

In truth, the game appeared to be practically over some three minutes into the second half, when Virginia went ahead by 14 points, 41-27. Wingate seemed to be trying for those 100 straight rocks before Thompson quickly called time out, yanked him and inserted the wondrous defender, Smith. In the next

three minutes Georgetown went on a 10-2 tear and, more important to the Hoyas, Wilson poked up his fourth foul on an offensive charge and was benched. "A psychological damper," Carlisle called that.

Ewing was in full cry now, screaming at his mates and pointing out directions, most of which were carried out by Smith, who negotiated his way through and around the Virginia ballhandlers like a bee after pollen.



Martin scored on a breakaway and, after Kanton Edelin's foul, added a free throw.

Still, there was Sampson. On offense he invented yet another marvelous method of scoring, netting a one-handed jump-tap rebound from nearly eight feet out, and on defense he forced Ewing to the baseline, from where the Georgetown sophomore's turnaround J hit the side of the backboard. Virginia's hold seemed even more secure when Stokes finished off a fast break at 10:52 for a 51-41 lead.

With Wilson on the bench, however,



Virginia was vulnerable to the relentless Georgetown press. "Those aren't just five-10 and six-foot guards running around out there," said Carlisle, a cerebral transfer from Miami. "Georgetown throws all this six-five lightning at you. It took some getting used to. The game seemed so long. Wasn't it a long game?"

Though Carlisle did yeoman work—nine points in 36 minutes (more playing time than anyone except Sampson and Ewing) and constant, under-pressure ballhandling with no turnovers—it was obvious the Hoyas were wearing Virginia down. The Cavs stuck at 53 while Georgetown came to 47, to 49, to 51.

Sampson, suffering from the flu, was, in his words, getting "weaker and weaker," unable to hold his position in the line. He had had diarrhea all afternoon and received liquids intravenously after the game. Virginia became painfully tentative, scoring only one field goal in the final 10:51. "We flat out didn't have enough left to attack the basket," Virginia Coach Terry Holland said.

And then came The Sequence. With Virginia leading 55-51 and rebounding along the sideline, Sampson reverse-pivoted on Ewing, swung around, pinning him on a sucker play, and floated to the hole for Carlisle's pass. Vrooom-boom! 57-51. At the other end of the court Ewing, incensed, drove across the key and rose up for the roundhouse hook. Boimmmmm! Splat! 57-53. "I felt it coming," Sampson was to say later, graciously. "I don't have enough words to describe Pat. He is a great, great player."

At the time, though, Sampson was not feeling so charitable. After a scramble under the Virginia basket he came up with the ball and leaped for the easy deuce: Ewing blocked it. Sampson once more: Ewing stuffed it back in his face. Sampson yet again: Ewing swatted it away again. "I was trying to dunk, but I didn't have anything left," said Sampson. Then everybody got angry. Ewing because he was whistled for his third foul, Sampson because no foul was called. He exchanged nasty words and threatening finger motions with the Georgetown bench, but after a time-out he cooled off enough to sink his two free throws and give Virginia a 59-53 lead with 5:13 remaining.

The Hoyas again rallied furiously, led by none other than a rejuvenated Win-



Holland rises to release a little emotion.

gate, who was to finish with 12 points. In fact, immediately after his corner jump shot tied the game 59-all at 3:48, Wingate intercepted Craig Robinson's in-bounds pass and charged in for the go-ahead basket. The problem was he also charged right into Robinson. There followed a plethora of Georgetown errors caused by the team's youth.

After Virginia led 63-61, Georgetown twice blew chances to tie again. Ewing wheeled around Sampson underneath only to encounter Robinson, who unceremoniously stuffed his layup attempt; Jones missed the first free throw of a one-and-one—his 13th miss in 14 attempts from the line this season.

The Cavaliers rode out the storm, making nine of 10 free throws down the stretch—and 24 of 28 all told—as Ewing fouled out trying to contain Wilson and Carlisle up front on the press. As it happened, Sampson left the game at the same time as Ewing, and though they were near each other at the end of the floor, neither paused to make any gesture of acknowledgement. But what a terrific occasion it had been. And what fun, too. There was one second left. Act I to Sampson. Could both centers have been contemplating Act II?



If there was one thing everyone knew for sure about the Atlanta Falcons before last Sunday it was that they couldn't play defense, particularly pass defense, worth a tinker's damn. This was the lone verity in regard to a team that has been confounding its fans and the experts for the past six years. The Falcons made the playoffs in 1978 and again in 1980 when their 12-4 record was as good as any in the NFC, but each time a losing season followed. The roller-coaster character of the team had been all too evident this year. The Falcons won their first and third games in the pre-season and lost the other two, to the Colts and the Buccaneers, by an aggregate score of 68-3. They beat one of last year's playoff teams, the Giants, on opening day, then were routed by the Raiders. How to fig-

Flying On The Ground: That's The Falcons

Atlanta shut out the New Orleans Saints with an attack that all but bans the bomb and an uncommonly staunch defense **by RON FIMRITE**

ure them? But the defense... ah, the defense. There was something you could count on. Or, rather, couldn't count on.

In running up a pretty fair 3-2 record, the Falcons had nevertheless given up more yards than their potent offense had gained (1,665 to 1,660) and had allowed more points than that offense had scored (119 to 118). Opposing passers had aver-

aged 212 yards a game against a secondary that had intercepted only three throws and a pass rush that had made only eight sacks. No question about it, the way to beat the Falcons was through the air. So what happened Sunday evening at Atlanta-Fulton County Stadium against a team, New Orleans, with a quarterback, Ken Stabler, who's one of

Andrews, who says he "explodes" on contact, is Atlanta's No. 1 rusher and receiver.

the most accurate punners in the history of the game?

To begin with, the Saints didn't score a point while the Falcons scored 35 easy ones. But that wasn't the half of it. This isn't one of those New Orleans teams jesters once called the "Ain'ts." It's a Bum Phillips-coached team that also came into the Atlanta game with a 3-2 record, a team that had the top overall defense in the NFC and the best defense against the run in the whole league. Saint pass rushers had 20 sacks, second most in the NFL. And at age 36, Stabler, the Snake, had been enjoying his best season since his Super Bowl days at Oakland. He'd completed 66% of his passes and was expected to use the miserable Atlanta secondary as a dart board.

Instead, he became a Snake in the grass. He was sacked five times, intercepted three, forced into two damaging fumbles and, finally, knocked out of the game late in the third quarter with bruised ribs. In sum, he completed only eight of 19 passes for a humiliating 56 yards. "We," said Stabler, possibly employing the royal we, "got the hell beat out of us." His fourth-quarter substitute, a onetime wide receiver with the engaging name of Guido Merkens, did no better, completing just four of 14 for 13 yards and getting sacked twice. All told, the Saints netted just 21 yards passing. Their total offense was 91 yards, which is exactly what they were penalized. Essentially, they advanced not one step the whole game. By the fourth quarter, they were so badly beaten that most of the 39,535 spectators on hand—there were 21,214 no shows—had departed, leaving only a scattering of frozen masochists in the seats as temperatures dropped into the 20s.

The maligned Atlanta defense, meanwhile, made life easy for the offense. Three of the Falcon touchdown "drives" were for 21 yards after an interception, 26 yards after a fumble recovery and 36 yards after a punt from the end zone. The Falcons had 329 yards in total offense, 189 of them on the ground, where the Saints had previously allowed only 77.2 yards a game.

Virtually everyone on the Falcon ro-

ster had a hand in this extraordinary victory. Atlanta's last touchdown came when backup Quarterback Mike Moroski threw his first NFL touchdown pass to rookie Receiver Stacey Bailey, who was catching his first NFL pass. But most of the damage was done by the relatively small but agile Falcon linebackers—Al Richardson, Fulton Kuykendall, Buddy Curry and Joel Williams—who galloped across the turf like light cavalry or maybe latter-day Four Horsemen. Anticipating Stabler's short passes, they alternately dropped back into intimidating shallow zones or rushed pell-mell through gaps in the New Orleans line to harry the tormented quarterback. Kuykendall had two interceptions, Richardson and Williams had two sacks apiece, and Curry was in on five tackles. The linebackers are young—Kuykendall is the oldest at 29—and none weighs more than 225. Williams, in fact, is only 215 and Richardson 206. But the four are principals in many important ways in the Falcons' suddenly brighter future, for it has long been said that if this team could ever put together a defense to match its offense it could be a Super Bowl contender. And Richardson, at least, feels that in the Saint game, "We finally meshed."

The offense, for its part, isn't what it once was, which was Steve Bartkowski flinging 50-yards to Wide Receivers Alfred Jackson and Alfred Jenkins when



The oft-injured Cain spells relief R-I-G-G-S.

he wasn't handing off to Running Backs William Andrews and Lynn Cain. That seemed good enough when the Falcons won the NFC West title in 1980, but last year, when they were only 7-9, some problems arose. Bartkowski got sacked 37 times, mostly while trying to throw his bombs. And the team went from 26 turnovers in 1980 to 41. Andrews, whose

continued

Riggs played half the Saints game and scored two TDs, as did his able alternate, Cain.



fame is so thinspread he makes other unsung heroes seem like Burt Reynolds, had his usual superlative season, becoming only the fifth NFL back to gain more than 2,000 yards (2,037) running and receiving, but Cain played hurt much of the year and rushed for but 538 yards. Defenses were teeing off, as they so cavalierly put it in the NFL, on Bartkowski, who by his own admission has no more mobility than an obelisk. They were still teeing off this year in that dim period of history known now as "pre-strike." In the Falcons' first two games Bartkowski was sacked 10 times.

After the Raider game ended the pre-strike season, Atlanta Coach Leeman Bennett had nearly two months to figure out what was wrong. When the play resumed, he had the solution: abandon the long passing game and go to the run and shorter passes. If his quarterback didn't have the ball or if he got rid of it quicker, he was less likely to be pummeled. Bennett got some help in the stepped-up running game from his rookie first-draft choice, Gerald Riggs from Arizona State, who weighs 230 and is fast. Riggs has al-

ternated with Cain, the latter playing in the first and third quarters and the former in the second and fourth. This gives Bennett a relatively fresh halfback in the game at all times. Surprisingly, they willingly agreed to the split shifts. "He sees things I might miss," says Riggs of Cain, "and he tells me about them." When Cain finished his shift at the end of the third quarter on Sunday, he gave his replacement an enthusiastic high-five and then offered him some counsel. Of Atlanta's five touchdowns Sunday, Riggs and Cain scored two apiece. In his two quarters, Cain gained 36 yards in nine rushes and 21 on three receptions. In his, Riggs had 41 yards in 11 carries and 18 on three catches.

Bartkowski, who likes nothing more than to unlimber his strong right arm, sees virtue, too, in ball-control. "I think we got into the habit of depending too much on the big play," he says. "With the deep zones and the specialized defenses now, you only get maybe one to three chances to throw deep, anyway. We don't force the ball deep anymore, and by mixing the run and the pass we're keep-

ing people from teeing off on the passer." In the four games since the strike, Bartkowski has been sacked just five times, twice by the Saints. On Sunday he completed 19 of 30 passes for only 153 yards, the longest a 29-yarder to Jackson. Eleven of his completions were to backs. Still, just for old time's sake, he uncorked a 55-yard bomb in the second quarter that fell barely out of Jenkins' reach. "We'll still take the deep shot from time to time," says Bennett, "but there are a lot of other ways to get the big play."

One of them is getting the ball to Andrews. In the Falcons' 34-27 win over Denver two weeks ago, Bartkowski dumped off a little flare pass to his fullback behind the line of scrimmage. The Falcons needed 16 yards for a first down, and Benico Cornerback Steve Wilson had Andrews hemmed in. "I gave him an inside fake, then exploded outside," Andrews recalls. Actually, he burst right through Wilson, leaving his body on the turf, and continued on for an 86-yard touchdown. In the record books, that one looks like a bomb. It was undeniably an explosion. "I've been hit hard a lot of

continued

Falcon linebackers were all around the ball as Curry, Richardson and Kuykendall (intercepting) demonstrate on this Stabler pass.



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times," said Wilson, "but that shot had a lasting effect."

Andrews weighs only 200 pounds, but he runs with as much power as the monster backs. "Explode" is the operative word. As he describes it, "When I reach impact, I explode rather than absorb. It destroys the equilibrium of the opponent. I haven't seen anyone else run like that—exploding at the moment of impact. Earl Campbell is so strong and Walter Payton has great leg drive. I try to stay lower than my opponent, come at him in a ball and then..." *Pow!*

Andrews is much more than just a power runner. By his own estimate he caught "maybe seven bulls" in four years of college football at Auburn, where he was mostly a blocking back for another NFL star-to-be, Joe Cribbs, but he has become a superb pass receiver. He leads the Falcons this year in rushing with 367 yards on 90 carries and in receiving with 346 yards on 25 receptions. Last season, he ran for 1,301 yards and caught for 736. In his three full years in the NFL, he has never rushed for fewer than a thousand yards or caught fewer than 38 passes. He gained 61 yards against New Orleans, which leaves him a single yard short of 4,000 in his career. Andrews doesn't break off long runs. He has averaged 4.6 yards per carry in his career and yet his longest gain from scrimmage has been 33 yards. He's workmanlike, not flashy. "I try most of all to be consistent," he says. Not for him the jittery step or the swiveled hip. It's just light that fuse and.... *Pow!*

Andrews, who's 26 and in his fourth season, is the sort of young yet experienced player the Falcons hope will give them more consistency. "When I first came here in 1977, we had a meld of young players and older people," said Eddie LeBaron last week. As executive vice-president, the former Redskins and Cowboy quarterback runs Falcon football. "But the heart of any team is in its young veterans—players who have had four to six years in the league. We decided to build for those players through the draft." In the meantime, LeBaron and Bennett, the coach he hired, hoped to buy time, to win enough to keep the fans interested while they laid the foundation for a consistent winner. If anything,



Stabler was bowed and beaten by Atlanta's rush.

though, the Falcons' performance has proved misleading, giving rise on sudden upswings to false hopes that are quickly dashed on the downturns.

In 1977, Bennett's first year, Atlanta finished 7-7 after going 4-10 in '76. "We did it on coaching," says LeBaron, who gave up a lucrative law practice in Nevada to return to football. "We did it mainly with defense. We tried to control the ball and not make too many mistakes. We had excellent punting." They were 9-7 in '78, the inaugural 16-game season, when they made the playoffs for the first time, as a wild-card team. "It was a year of miracle plays," says LeBaron. "We were bringing our young people along." Ah, but in '79, they were 6-10. "People said we were going downhill. I told them we were not very far away." That seemed an understatement when the Falcons went 12-4 in 1980.

"We had a hot roll," LeBaron continued. "We were sneaking up on people, winning games with last-minute field goals [seven of the wins were by four points or fewer]. But we still weren't able to dominate anybody. We had to play at our very best all the time. We had no serious injuries. I was still concerned that we had problems." These came forward the

Bartkowski got good protection, but once in a while a Saint snuck a hand in there.

next year, when the team slipped to 7-9. "Everybody was waiting in the wings for us. We had injuries to key people—Joel Williams [who'd had 16 sacks in '80], Jeff Merrow [a defensive end], Warren Bryant [an offensive tackle], and Lynn Cain. Our deficiencies became apparent. We didn't have the depth."

And what about now? The Falcons are 4-2 and sitting pretty as the playoffs approach. "We've reached a point where we're fairly well built," said LeBaron. "We have some young people in important positions, like our linebackers, who'll get better and better. I think we should be pretty good now." This analysis was offered the day before the New Orleans game. The thought must have occurred to LeBaron then that he was being prematurely optimistic. "Of course," he added apologetically, "we'll have to look pretty carefully at our pass defense. We could use a better combination of the rush and play in the secondary."

Hey, Eddie, if that's all you're worried about....

END



With runners, it's a matter of style. Each one has his own way of doing things, and if the coach likes what he sees he doesn't do any editing. No heavy pencil. "A great runner is like a Picasso," Sid Gillman, the old San Diego coach, once said. "No one's going to tell him, 'This is the way we do things around here.'"

The best of them put their own brushstrokes on the canvas, and when they're finished there's a whole wall full of beauty. Statistics don't tell the story. A sunset can't be measured in terms of light units. Each runner leaves his own memories. Larry Csonka, a wrecker's bull knocking down a wall; Gale Sayers, a wisp of smoke; O.J. Simpson, a surgeon's probe, the glide and then the quick incision; Walter Payton, controlled fury, a war against tacklers; Jimmy Brown, power and grace, a lion on the hunt.

In New York there's another canvas taking shape. The artist is a 23-year-old Jet halfback named Freeman McNeil, and his brushwork has just begun. His credentials are modest so far. He is in just his second season, and his first was



The Loneliness Of The League's

marred by injury. But all the signs are there.

"Bob Ledbetter and I were breaking down film," Jet Offensive Line Coach Bob Fry said last week, "and we kept running plays back, just to watch McNeil."

"Freeman McNeil," says Ledbetter, the running backs coach, "hasn't even scratched the surface yet."

Through the game of Dec. 12 McNeil was leading the league with 532 yards rushing. On Sunday against Tampa Bay he carried 14 times for 53 yards, caught three passes for 49 more and scored two touchdowns as the Jets beat the Buccaneers 32-17.

McNeil's running is one reason, but not the only reason, why the Jets have now won five straight games after an opening-day loss to Miami. They faced the Bucs with the No. 1-rated offense in the NFL, the No. 1 defense and the No. 1 running attack. And the passing attack is right up there. When the Lions drew their linebackers in to cut off McNeil recently, Quarterback Richard Todd lit up the board with 294 yards passing in the first half, and he could have gone for 500 if the game had been close. The Jets won 28-13. Against Tampa Bay, New York showed its defensive muscle, holding the

Bucs to 47 yards rushing. McNeil gave the Jets almost all the points they needed with four- and five-yard scoring runs within 53 seconds of each other in the first quarter.

The Jets have had great runners in the past—Matt Snell, Emerson Boozer, John Riggins—but they've never had one who won a rushing title. Now they've got a definite threat. Earlier this year McNeil gave them three 100-yard games in a row for the first time in their history, and now



Truck (left) and Tank know McNeil's isolated house is doggone terrific.

The NFL's top rusher, Freeman McNeil of the New York Jets, draws crowds on the field but eschews them when he's off duty **by PAUL ZIMMERMAN**

Leading Runner

everyone is playing that old game. "Who does he remind you of?"

"If you were to ask what's the state religion in the NFL," Giants General Manager George Young once said, "the answer would have to be Hindu. Everyone believes in reincarnation. They're always saying, 'This guy's another Sayers' or 'another O.J.'"

With McNeil the answer isn't easy.

"Who does he remind me of? Well, I've got to think about that," says Jets

Coach Walt Michaels. "Don't forget I played on the same team with Jim Brown for five years."

And?

"And nothing," Michaels says. "I'm tempted to say he reminds me of Boozier. Same herky-jerky style, same way of making something out of nothing, but no, I can't say Boozier. Emerson was a bouncer, a whirling dervish. Freeman? Well, he's not a 4.4 sprinter who's going to run away from people, an O.J. Simpson. He's

kind of herky-jerk, and then he finds his spot, and just when you think the issue is decided, hey, things start moving. He'll duck his shoulder—he's pretty good size, 215 pounds—and he'll turn a three-yard gain into seven. A Paul Hornung maybe . . . nope, I can't even compare him to Paul. Different style completely."

"Dick Bass," says Fry, mentioning the back who was the Los Angeles Rams' leading runner throughout the '60s. "Same instincts. Same ability to read on the move and make that quick, decisive cut. Maybe Freeman's a little more powerful than Bass was."

"You can't compare McNeil to anybody, he's unique," says Chris Ferragamo, McNeil's high school coach at Banning in the Los Angeles suburb of Wilmington and the brother of Ram Quarterback Vince Ferragamo.

"He always was unique. I'll never forget the first day he came to us. He had transferred from Centennial High in Compton, and we were holding our summer tryouts at the Broad Avenue Elementary School. Freeman and his brother Russell jumped the fence, with their cleats slung over their shoulders, and they said they wanted to play football. I said, 'What do you play?' and Freeman said, 'He's a linebacker and I'm a guard'."

"He was a little bowlegged guy, about 175 pounds. He was awkward. The sole on one of his football shoes was loose and flapping, and when he ran that's all you could hear, flap, flap, flap. But he could pull out, he could run well, as bowlegged as he was, and I said, 'Wait a minute, you ever play halfback?' and he said no. So I

continued

lined him up five yards away from another kid and I said, 'We're going to play rabbit. He's just going to try to touch you. I want you to try to avoid him.'

"Well, he put one move on the kid and ran around him, like street football. So I got another kid, and set the two of them 10 yards away from Freeman, and I said, 'Try it again.' He went for the middle, put an outside move on and cut back through both of them, untouched. I said, 'Oh, oh, I think I've got something here.'"

Something indeed. The little bow-

Stanley Wilson, the Oklahoma fullback. I mean, you were watching the best high school football in the country."

"In his senior year Freeman caught passes, he ran inside and out, he gained 1,343 yards, averaged 8.1 per carry and scored 27 touchdowns," Chris Ferragamo says. "They named him L.A. City Player of the Year. As far as I was concerned he was the best high school player in the country. The guy who got all the publicity was Alexander the Great, back in West Virginia—Robert Alexander,

easygoing, and I guess I am, but I am also very aware of how people come on. What's always burned me up is when someone who hardly knows you comes on like he's your big buddy. 'Hi guy, how ya doin'?' that kind of thing. Or when they start calling you a nickname only your friends use, like Freeman or Freebie. 'What's happenin', Free?' 'What's gon' on, Freebie baby?' A total turn-off. I play along with it, but inside I'm burning."

It's hard to picture. McNeil has a face that seems built for laughter: twinkling eyes, cheeks a little on the chubby side, a face that creates a roly-poly impression even now when he has trimmed down to 212 pounds, 15 below his 1981 playing weight and the lightest he's been since his junior year at UCLA.

McNeil carries little of the superstar aura. In the locker room he's a ghost. Now you see him, now you don't. Sometimes he drives writers crazy. "Who're you waiting for? Oh, Freeman? Yeah, I think he's still here. No, wait a minute, his clothes are gone. That's funny, never saw him leave."

McNeil calls himself a loner. Last year he bought a five-bedroom house in Dix Hills on Long Island, 30 minutes due east of the Jets' Hempstead training complex, out there in Suffolk County with the potato farmers. It's his refuge, his escape. No roommates, no live-in girl friend, none of those candid, at-home shots for the Sunday supplement: "Freeman McNeil and, ahem, companion enjoy a quiet evening at home." Just McNeil and his three dogs, two German shepherds and a Bisenji.

"My permanent home is Long Island now," he says. "When I was in California for a trip in the off-season, I couldn't stay any longer than five days. I couldn't wait to get back to Long Island. I missed my dogs, can you believe it? I missed the quiet, the peace, coming home after practice, settling down on my water bed and turning on the stereo and just lying there in the darkness, thinking my own thoughts."

McNeil says he started being a loner when he was seven, when his father died. "He was very close to all his kids," Freeman says. "There were four of us then, five now. He'd never take one of us anywhere without taking the others. He was built very much like me, 5' 10" or so and about 200 pounds; he'd been a halfback, up to junior college level. When he died,



At 212 pounds McNeil is big enough to be a headache for any tacklers he runs into.

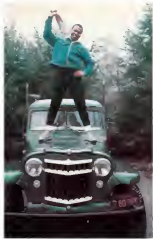
legged kid grew into a 5' 11", 200-pounder who, in his two years at Banning, would lead the school to records of 11-2 and 12-1, with a Los Angeles city championship in 1976.

"I don't think I missed a game my senior year," says Frank Gansz, then the UCLA assistant coach who recruited McNeil for the Bruins, and now the special-teams coach for the Kansas City Chiefs. "The game they'd play with their big rival, Carson, well that was like the Super Bowl. Talk about guys who played in that game—Wesley Walker of the Jets, Vince Ferragamo, Frank Manumaleuga, who played linebacker for the Chiefs,

with the Rams now. But I always felt Freeman was the better player."

McNeil's mother, Mrs. Gladys Mifflin, says, "There were so many recruiters calling we could hardly use the phone. Freeman finally chose UCLA because of Frank Gansz. He'd been close to us the whole time. He made Freeman keep his grades up, always kept checking in with us. He'd talk to you without sugarcoating it."

Gansz had found the key. McNeil says he never did like the "hi-hello" types, the phonies, the heavy talkers. "I couldn't stand them in those days, and I can't now," he says. "People have called me



Long Island has become home plate for McNeil.

things changed for me. I'd always been kind of a street kid, not in a bad way, not in any kind of trouble way. I was into sports, basketball, bike racing, that kind of thing, but after my father died there would come times when I felt I just had to get away by myself. I'd take my bike and go off somewhere, places I hadn't been before. I always watched the signs so I knew how to get back."

He lived in Compton then. His mother worked in a clothing factory. When he was in the 10th grade he went out for football at Centennial High and didn't last long.

"I was an AYO," he says. "All You Others. You know, the coach says, 'I want my first and second string down here, and All You Others stand over there and watch.'"

When his mother remarried, the family moved to the Carson-Wilmington area, a few miles north of San Pedro, and two years later McNeil was the most sought-after high school player in California.

"I remember Woody Hayes once came to Banning High to talk to me about going to Ohio State," McNeil says. "I visited Washington and Nebraska. At Nebraska they took me to see their weight room. I'd started bodybuilding in high school; I'd compete in the weightlifting contest in our league. The Nebraska weight room wasn't impressive. Boyd Epley, their strength coach, said they

were going to put in a new one. [That weight room, completed this year, is among the most impressive in the college ranks.] It was snowing that day. The wind was bitter; I mean the hawk was really flying. I kept slipping on the ice. I thought, uh uh, this is definitely not for me."

USC was firmly in the hunt, naturally, but McNeil says, "I just didn't feel right there. It wasn't my personality. It's hard to explain, but did you ever go someplace and you just didn't feel comfortable? What it finally came down to was Frank Ganzs and UCLA. They did a very smart thing when they assigned him to recruit me, because he was one of the finest people I ever met."

McNeil played behind Theotis Brown, now with the Seattle Seahawks, and James Owens, now with the Buccaneers, his first two seasons. Then in 1979 the Bruins tailored their offense to McNeil, using the I formation, which he'd run out of at Banning High, and the yardage started piling up.

McNeil rushed for 1,105 yards his senior year and made a couple of All-America teams, those that picked three backs. The other two spots were filled, unanimously, by Heisman winner George Rogers and the sensational freshman, Herschel Walker.

McNeil had been projected as a high draft pick all along, possibly even a first-rounder, but the pro scouts wanted to know if he could catch the ball. The question was answered in the USC game, the next to last of the season. Third and long, UCLA trailing 17-13 with a little over two minutes to play, ball on the UCLA 42. Jay Schroeder, the quarterback, was flushed out of the pocket and he threw to McNeil, running down the left sideline, but

he didn't get much on the ball, and Jeff Fisher, the USC cornerback, stepped up to go for the interception.

"People have written that the ball bounced off Fisher's pads," McNeil says. "Anyway, that's what he told everybody. But I'd like to get the record straight. He had intercepted the pass, and I tipped it out of his hands. Dennis Smith, their free safety, dove for the ball. Ronnie Lott, the roverback, was coming from the other side. He'd come clear across the field. I tipped the ball from my left hand to my right and kept going."

Fifty-eight yards for the winning touchdown. It was one of those plays that will live forever in scouting lore, a little triangle of extreme talent battling for a football, three first-round draft choices—Smith (Broncos), Lott (49ers) and McNeil (Jets)—in one frozen tableau. McNeil won, and in their little notebooks the scouts wrote, "Has hands. Feet. Ball adjustment. Concentration."

"That play," says the Patriots' director of player development, Dick Stein-

continued



Armed with exercises that were taught by karate expert Richie Barathy, McNeil can stay in trim.

berg, "was probably worth \$300,000 to McNeil." Instead of a first-round draft he was now a high first-rounder, very high. The Jets chose him No. 3, after New Orleans had taken Rogers and the Giants Lawrence Taylor. Most scouts had McNeil rated higher than Rogers on speed and pass-catching.

The Jets were a funny kind of offensive team. In 1979 they had led the NFL in rushing without placing a runner in

they brought in McNeil to give it some legs. He started slowly, but after the fifth game, against Miami, he ranked seventh in the league in rushing, and his 5.5-yard average was better than that of anyone ahead of him. Against Miami, though, he severely sprained his right foot. That kept him out of the next five games and limited his effectiveness when he came back. He still finished the season as the No. 1 Jet runner, with 623 yards, but the year was a downer for him.

"We'd talk a lot," Ledbetter says. "He felt bad. He was depressed. Once after a game where he'd done pretty well and the writers had interviewed him, he came over to me and said, 'What were they interviewing me for? I can't even bust a grape.'"

"I played at 227," McNeil says. "I thought you had to bulk up for pro football, I thought that's what it was all about, power and endurance. It limited my effectiveness. The system was tough to pick up, the refinements, the little things. The defense would play games—you'd check inside and see if anything was coming, if not then you'd check outside, but the defensive men might be exchanging, the inside man going outside and vice versa. I felt like I was 10 years old again. I felt I was in with a bunch of people who were a lot older than me, who knew the game. I felt the vibes of not being as good as the rest of them. It was like going to a place and they give you the directions but not the exact address. They tell you it's on this street, and they draw a little square, but the rest of it you have to find by yourself."

The Jets did some tinkering in the off-season. They put in more I-formation plays for McNeil. This was the third time a team had seen his talent for reading out of the I—hanging back, picking his hole and making the quick, decisive move. Banning High, UCLA, now the Jets.

"I'm not only an I formation tailback, I'm an I formation person," McNeil says. "It gives you an advantage. You can spread things out and then cut back, you can see the defensive reactions and figure out just how many yards you can squeeze out of a play. With splitbacks, on quick openers, it's make it and go, but it quickly. He who hesitates is lost. But without that sense of direction it's not even a play. I'm not a splitback, quick-opener type of person. I like to feel my way around, look for the options, choose my route."

The Jets did some talking to McNeil in the off-season. Michaels told him he wanted him in at 215. He said this was his year to produce, to break it big, to justify the high pick. "When you play in our part of the country you're lost if you can't run the ball," Walton said. "Teams like San Diego and San Francisco can throw more, but when you play in places like Shea and Buffalo and New England it's tough. You'd better be able to run."

"They made it very clear what was expected of me," McNeil says. "Even Leon Hess, the owner, came up to me in the locker room after one game before the strike, New England I think, and said, 'This year you're going to have to carry the Jets.'"

McNeil has broken some long gainers out of a play called the overload draw, in which he crosses behind the quarterback to get a deep hand-off. "It's perfect for him," Fry says. "It gives him a longer look." The trap on the right side, with Rasmussen's replacement at left guard, a budding powerhouse named Stan Walde-more, doing the trapping, has gotten big yardage for McNeil. And the old standby, 19 straight, a fullback read-and-delay that Weeb Ewbank brought to the Jets from Baltimore in 1963, has been redesigned so the halfback now carries the ball.

"Paul Brown ran that play with Marion Motley and Jimmy Brown," Michaels says. "Alan Ameche ran it for Weeb in Baltimore, and Snell and Riggins ran it for him here. Now it's handed down to Freeman."

It's a raw Thursday afternoon. The Jets have just come in from practice and they're doing the only sensible thing to get warm—yelling.

"I just want to say," bellows Mark Gastineau, the left defensive end, "that Freeman McNeil is the greatest thing that's happened to me since I've been here."

"What's the second greatest?" someone says.

"I just want to say," Gastineau says, stretching his arms, "that he doesn't just go nine or 10 yards, he goes 30, 40, 100."

"Pretty tough to do if you're on the 50-yard line," someone says.

"I just want to say," Gastineau continues, "that Freeman McNeil will make us all rich. Put it down."

O.K. Freeman McNeil will make us all rich.



Benny is another four-legged roommate.

the top 12. Five backs shared the load, operating behind one of pro football's finest offensive lines—Marvin Powell and Chris Ward at the tackles, Randy Rasmussen and Dan Alexander at guard, Joe Fields at center. The team finished 8-8. Next year the Jets switched gears and tried to go long ball with Wesley Walker and Johnny (Lam) Jones. They threw more than they ran, and the season ended at 4-12.

By McNeil's rookie year they were still looking for an identity. They brought in Joe Walton, the former Redskin and Giant tight end, to run the offense, and

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De Cadenet throws topless birthday parties for his single-seater Alfa-Romeo P3 in London.

Rare Vintage Whine

When old racing cars in new battles go wheel to wheel at full cry, Britons get a corking show by **BOB OTTUM**

If there was just some way to work it out, the old race cars should be telling this story. They're the ones who know what really went on back in the glory days. Ideally, they should meet at the Garrick Club in London. Over a balloon of brandy, a Maserati, say, might lean back, light a cigar and confide, "I'll never forget the 1955 Mille Miglia. Or my Le Mans in 1957, remember? If memory serves,

I finished 12th. In any case, there I was at White House Corner when..." Just across the table would be this shining blue 1948 Talbot-Lago, surely the David Niven of automobiles, still heartbreakingly handsome even without its original eyebrow fenders. The Talbot-Lago gets around much better now than when it was brand new, and the mellow hum of its engine is as smooth as a fine Courvoisier. "Would you believe," the Talbot would say, "that when Fangio and I were at Le Mans in 1951..."

These days the Maser and the Talbot are part of a troupe of splendid old cars that have risen out of scrap heaps, garages and museums to go racing again, in a British series called The Return of the Spectacle.

The Spectacle isn't confined to the competition; the men who restore and race the cars comprise a somewhat dotty British subculture with a passion for elegant old iron.

Consider Sid Hoole, at 38 surely old enough to know better, who races a spotlessly restored 1957 Cooper Grand Prix car, its four-cylinder Coventry Climax engine a power plant that evolved from one used on fire trucks to pump water. Hoole owns four other Coopers, all of them hugely valuable. Hoole also owns a fish-and-chips shop in Sandy, about 50 miles from London—his racing pals call him Sid the Chip or Sid Frite. A few years ago Hoole bought a thatched-roof cottage in Bedfordshire, north of London. The place is maybe 400 years old and stunning, with lovely little rooms and thick whitewashed walls. Sid the Chip attached a garage about as big as the house, the better to shelter his Coopers. He also has a bumper sticker, which his wife would not let him put on the family estate wagon: I LOVE MY CLIMAX. "Listen," Hoole says confidentially, leaning in closely at a cocktail party to whisper,

"Every time I get into that race car of mine and start it up, suddenly I'm old Jack Brabham himself going racing."

Or take Alain de Cadenet, a hap Londoner and Le Mans racer (he's finished seven of the last 12) who models jeans, watches and sunglasses and is a stamp dealer and tracer of lost sports cars. Every year de Cadenet throws a birthday party for his Alfa-Romeo P3 type B, the first single-seater made by that company—the very car that was driven to victory in the 1932 French and Italian grand prix by none other than Tazio Nuvolari. At party time de Cadenet sweeps out his tiny garage at Queensgate Place Mews and hangs balloons, bunting and Nuvolari posters. "The car's friends are invited," he says, "and we have huge waitresses, all of them topless, serving wonderful pasta and bottles of good Italian wine, and we occasionally spill a little bit on the car and everybody gets swizzled out of their minds." If there was room in the garage, de Cadenet would have a blown Bentley jump out of a cake.

Well, the old Alfa deserves such a salute. After Nuvolari, it was handed over to a driver who later would make a few race cars himself. The young hotshoe's

name was Enzo Ferrari, and he tore up several events with the P3. Just before World War II, the Alfa was mysteriously spirited off to Argentina. There was dark talk that, later on, it fell into Nazi hands. In any event, de Cadenet finally located it, in pieces in Rio, and brought it back to England in 1974.

And here is Bruce Halford, a well-known Formula 1 driver of some years back, appearing in his pristine 1959 Lotus 16, once the factory works car of the late Graham Hill. (Hill was still well back in the pack in '59, but he would be world champion in 1962 and again in '68.) "Imagine," Halford says, "a silly old man like me going racing. I'm 51 years old. Good heavens, I retired from all this back in 1961. And yet... and yet, I get into that cockpit and suddenly the years melt away and I'm young again." He nods vigorously to affirm that fact, tufts of wiry white hair puffing out above both ears. "And, you know, I still seem to have all the moves."

For every car owner eager to show some moves, the racing series attracts thousands of fans delighted to see cars and drivers the way they once were—drivers upright and visible, not supine

continued



What's 30 years? Gerry Walton's 1952 A-type Connaught flies at Silverstone.

Martin Morris' D-Jaguar pranged in practice, so he raced a 1936 ERA instead.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TROLO





Sid "Frite" owns a thatched abode and five Coopers.

VINTAGE CARS continued

and sardined, cars without wings or other present-day warts and excrescences. There is obviously something that stirs the blood in the sight of a car skidding around a corner with the driver hanging half out of the cockpit. Handsome crowds are turning out for these historic-car races. True, the events usually are staged as a companion attraction to a grand prix or other major race, but they've recently drawn crowds of 10,000 to 100,000 on their own. The sponsors claim that in Britain the historic races have now become No. 2 in box office appeal to Formula 1 cars. As a further sign of that appeal, consider the annual race of the rather snooty Aston Martin Owners Club at Silverstone. Strictly a "chubbie," as

they say, with no advertising or publicity outside the club itself. Yet crowds of 7,000 or so show up to watch, many buying paddock passes to be able to wander among the race cars and lack tires, in a manner of speaking.

One other key statistic sort of lies there unstressed, perhaps because of typical British reserve about such things. There are 24 cars in a typical Formula 1 race. The same number starting one of the historic races could be worth roughly four times as much. It's an expensive game that these chappies are playing. Two years ago, the British monthly *MotorSport* estimated that the asking price for a Lister-Jaguar in reasonable shape was \$80,000; for a Maserati 250-F, about \$220,000; while an ERA (English Racing Automobile) might fetch as much as \$140,000. Since

then, prices have gone even higher.

Hoole's collection of Cooper-Climaxes is worth hundreds of thousands of dollars. The car he raced in the Spectacle this season was a star of Tommy Sopwith's 1957 Equipe Endeavor Team. But when The Chip acquired it in 1972 for about \$300, "it was in *nasty* shape, with not even the proper engine and it had been ... it had been sand-raced." But Hoole put it right—he works four days a week on his cars while the wife takes care of the fish and chips—and now it's picture-perfect. Setting a precise dollar value on these machines is difficult, but Hoole recently traded one of his Coopers for a Cherokee 140, which says something.

A 1954 Maserati 250-F single-seater is

raced by the Honorable Amschel Rothschild, a thin, ascetic son of the third Baron Rothschild, head of the British branch of the legendary banking family. "Now this is proper racing," says Rothschild. He bought the car in 1976 for an undisclosed, though reportedly hefty, sum, and he loves it so dearly even Rothschild-deep pockets couldn't pry it away from him. He has had it completely restored, so that the Maser is every bit as elegant as its owner. "One could invite it into the house for tea," says Rothschild in perfect seriousness.

One of the most gorgeous ERAs in the world is a B-type nicknamed *Romas*, the car in which Prince Brabongse of Siam won the 1936 French Grand Prix. It's now owned by the Honorable Patrick Lindsay, 53, well-known as an art auctioneer and a director of Christie's, a doughty chap who tends to stand on it when he goes racing. Lindsay has told associates that he wouldn't take \$350,000 for the car—even though he and it crashed heavily in a race last June in a spectacular end-over-end, both of them breaking ribs. At the moment, both are being restored.

In this mixed bag of serious collectors cum racers there is one genuine cult figure—Nick Mason, drummer for the Pink Floyd and the object of teeny-bopping adulation worldwide. But when Mason, who is 37 and a millionaire, gets ready to race his 1936 ERA or his 1957 Maserati 250-F, he has something close to anonymity, which pleases him mightily. He has a consuming ambition, which is to get his hands on every pre-World War II Aston Martin ever built. He has files and he has scous, and he knows where most of them are. As he collects, and carefully restores them, he says, he will consider selling one or two a year—but only to those who fully appreciate the classic qualities of the marque.

The Spectacle series was launched in 1979 by one Bert Young, silver-haired and debonair, whose previous experience in deep promotional waters had been limited to the training of Channel swimmers. Young was coach of Bermuda's swim team at the 1952 Olympics in Finland (it sank with nary a bubble) and had been a race driver of considerable kidney. He holds—here comes one of the

continued



Rothschild thinks his 1954 Maserati 250-F is soignée enough to be invited to high tea.

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great arcane statistics of all time—the record for the fastest lap ever turned by a Lister-Jaguar at the Zolder circuit in Belgium: 80-plus mph. You could look it up, old top.

It was Young who sold the series to Lloyds & Scottish, a financial house not unlike the General Motors Acceptance Corporation. L & S had been casting about for something automotive that would lend a special cachet to the firm—and Young convinced it that if anything had cachet up to here, it was historic race cars in action. L & S came up with an annual \$100,000 budget, beginning in 1978, and suddenly, says Young, “Our privateering days were over. Old race cars began emerging from everywhere, from tumble-down garages and from underneath haystacks; years of cobwebs were blown away.”

Some 65 cars may be race-ready at a

given time, and each one has been authenticated as fully as possible by the Royal Automobile Club's Historic Car Committee, a bunch of sucklers. Assuredly, a 100-G series (for which there were six races in 1982) isn't calculated to make anybody rich. Indy spills that much. But a sponsor and appearances at courses around the U.K. have given the racers a sense of, well, identity.

Young has divided the cars into five age groups from “three great decades of racing,” 1930 to 1960, but all the classes compete together in one jolly mélange. Grand Prix cars huddle with sports cars. The racers must qualify for the available starting positions, and the starting grids look as if someone has turned an automotive museum upside down and shaken it over the track.

At the grand finale of the '82 season at Silverstone, the pole position was won by John Harper, 45, and his 1954 B-type Connaught, a great brute of a racer that had turned a 101-mph lap on the 2½-mile course. Eleven rows back, and easily 20 mph slower, sat Peter Walker in his 1959 works Lola MK 1 (chassis No. 3, folks—how's that for historic?) and Richard Dunham in his venerable Alvis Brooklands Venerable? Listen, that car was built on order in 1938 for Dunham's grandpa, who raced it with great distinction, and then it was handed down to Dunham's dad, who won the International Manx Cup on the Isle of Man in 1951. And now young Richard's got it. The Alvis, dignified humpback and all, is still as debonair as can be. But it may be,

well, just the tiniest bit too long in the tooth. Dunham didn't finish.

But who really cares about finishes? To the race, the race! Lloyds & Scottish pays each entrant a modest \$300 fee collectible if the driver gets his car on the grid and runs one full racing lap—and the winner gets a mere \$100. At the end of the season, most of the racers take home a handsome trophy for winning something, and whatever is left of the \$100,000 goes for cocktails.

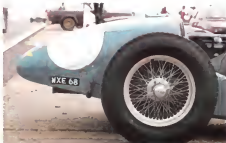
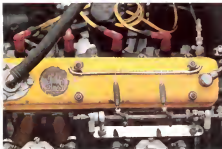
What the spectators get is a memorable afternoon: 10 laps of wheel-to-jowl racing unlike anything else today—awfully different from the show put on by the low-speed Grand Prix and Indy cars, which all look alike and hide their drivers so effectively that you begin to suspect that they just might be oversized radio-controlled racers. By the way, the old cars are all running faster than when they were brand spanking new—in some cases a lot faster. Better tire compounds, brakes and track surfaces are responsible.

Look! Here comes a parcel of cars, every damn one of them sliding through the corners, with the drivers slanting upright, the way the Good Lord intended. There's a tricky chicane going into Silverstone's main straightaway, and any driver worth his silver blazer buttons comes blasting out of it with his arms crisscrossed, fighting the wheel, looking this way while the car drifts that way. It makes hearts leap up. Perfect little balloons of smoke puff from many of the cars each time they downshift, leaving a scent of castor oil, and there's—do you hear that?—the squeal of tires. Nowadays, race cars look and sound as if they're on rails.

Watching intently from the paddock is Stirling Moss, England's ace of aces in the late '50s and early '60s. Moss is 53 now, and he hasn't raced for real since his crash at Goodwood 19 years ago, but from the gleam in his eye you can tell he'd like to be out there mixing it up.

continued

Close-ups from the paddock: an Alfa-Romeo steering wheel you could really get a grip on; Lady Godiva on the valve cover of a Coventry Climax engine; the nifty nose of a Talbot-Lago.



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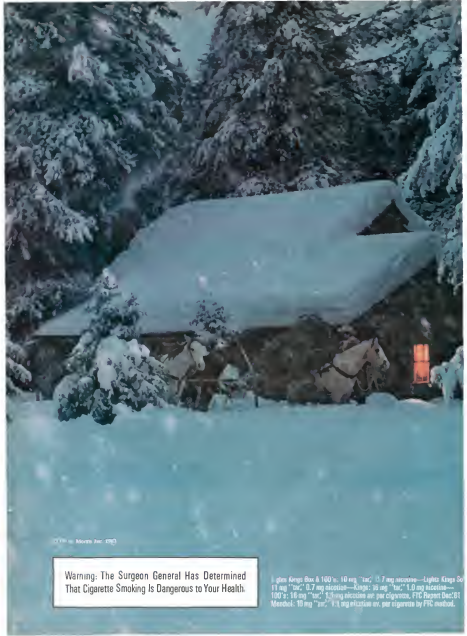
Which, by the way, you can't play on other systems at any price.



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"The only thing historic around here is me," Moss says. Clearly he believes the old cars will never lose their fascination. "You say, 'This isn't the work of some modern engineer. I'm balancing the ruddy thing all by myself.'"

There's no time for pit stops in a 10-lap race, but here comes Hoole's Cooper-Climax down pit road, with Sid the Chip looking grim—one can actually spot expressions beneath those vintage helmets—and holding the car in gear with one hand. "It's very worrying to drive

Me? I'll take that shining Lotus I over there, the open-cockpit, two-seater Le Mans model. It's not powerful enough to win anything, what with its little old Coventry-Climax engine featuring a golden medallion of Lady Godiva, but the tiny car is dashing enough to turn any devotee's head. Owner Dr. David Springett owns six Lotuses—"When you own six, they're called Loti," he says—and what he lacks in trophies, he more than makes up for in the almost sensual pleasure he

their day with a civilized glass or two. Another race, featuring more contemporary vehicles, is going on, but they pay it no heed. They gather around one of the trailers in the infield, sipping fine



At the final race of the year, at Silverstone, a youngster pretties up a Cooper; a Lister-Jaguar of 1959 undergoes inspection; and a triumphant Green flashes a bubbly smile.

like that," he says, dropping out on the fourth lap. Pole-sitter Harper drives his own peculiar race in the giant Connaught. "It's very, very, very fast in a straight line," he says, "but otherwise a bit clumsy. So I barrel down the straights and absolutely creep around the corners." Fine, but what makes that scary is that Harper still cranks out a dazzling 102-mph lap. Harper will eventually finish second to a Cooper 51, driven by Willie Green.

Based on the season's points, the overall series goes to sixth-place Mike Salmon in a 1955 Aston Martin DBR-1, which has one of the more impressive pedigrees in the field. It's fully certified as having been raced by Roy Salvadori, Carroll Shelby and Stirling Moss; it has been everywhere and done everything. The darn thing ought to be covered at night with a trench coat, collar turned up.



gets from racing his cars. "You look down that bonnet," he says, "and you know that this is what driving a car should feel like."

Well, sure it is. And after 10 lovely laps, just 29.32 miles, the drivers end

white wine and nibbling little mouschies. Parked all around them are the shining bolides of yesterday, and in the late afternoon sun, with dust motes dancing in the air, there's a sense of a more golden and better time.

by Jack McCallum

Henry Bibby felt pretty confident recently when he made a recruiting visit to the Hacienda Heights, Calif. home of Mike Smith, a basketball star at Los Altos High. Bibby had come to sell Smith and his parents on the merits of attending Arizona State, where Bibby is an assistant coach. And there on Mike's bedroom ceiling was Bibby, of Henry himself, in action as a Philadelphia 76er.

"He had this collage up there, and several of the pictures were of the Sixers," says Bibby. "He said he really liked us." Included among the photos was one of Doug Collins, Bibby's former 76er teammate and now a fellow assistant at Arizona State. Sound like Smith was a lock for the Sun Devil? Sorry. Smith eventually signed with Brigham Young.

The Sun Devils take the foremost

Arizona State has an all-star staff

"Your name might get you in the door," says Collins. "but it won't help you beyond that. Kids today feel like, 'O.K., you could do it as a player, but what about now?'"

Yes, what about now? Are Bibby and Collins working assistants or merely big-name recruiters? And what about the Sun Devils' third former NBA star, Garfield Heard, who's an unpaid volunteer assistant? Is first-year Arizona State Coach Bob Weinbauer running a college team or an NBA wax museum? Other former pros have entered collegiate coaching, of course, but never have there so well-established stars landed on one team.

It took quite a series of coincidences to put all those star-studded names on Weinbauer's bench. Weinbauer was hired in April to replace Ned Wulk, who had been the Sun Devils' coach since Arizona was a territory. Collins had worked as Weinbauer's unpaid volunteer assistant at Penn last season. Bibby was living in the Phoenix area and looking for a better opportunity than the Continental Basketball Association, in which he had been an assistant for the Lancaster (Pa.) Lightning in 1981-82. And Heard, a resident of Phoenix since having been traded

to the Suns in 1976, was looking to stay in basketball while keeping some time free to run a business. *Vola!*

So far this production of *The NBA Goes to College* seems to be a hit. Arizona State, 4-1 at the end of last week, had lost only to DePaul, in a 73-72 OT heartbreaker on the road. The Sun Devils have shown an intensity that wasn't always there under Wulk, who sent 16 players to the NBA—seven are still active—but never reached the Final Four in his 25 years at the helm.

Collins and Bibby are both playing the role of novice coach, erasing black boards, arranging the exchange of game films with other schools, making zillions of phone calls to prospects and taking recruiting trips to places where the only franchises in town have golden arches.

Collins came to last week's 83-66 win over Northern Arizona with his bags packed. His scouting-recruiting itinerary for the ensuing 10 days looked like this: Ringling, Okla.; Detroit; Grand Rapids, Columbus, Ohio, back to Phoenix for two days; Boston and Burlington, Vt. Weinbauer will try to use Collins' name to advantage in the Midwest (the played at Illinois State) and in the East, because of the 76er connection. Bibby will recruit in the West, where his fame endures from his days at UCLA. According to NCAA rules, which permit only two assistants to hit the road, Heard isn't allowed to go on recruiting trips, but he often looks out for talent at high school games in the Phoenix area. This works out well for Arizona State, too, because Heard played for the Suns for 4½ years and is still a popular figure in the town, where he owns Gar Heard's Video Arcade.

"I swear, the people around here still think he aimed that damn shot," says Weinbauer, of Heard's famous 18-foot buzzer-beater that forced a third overtime in the fifth game of the Suns' 1976 NBA championship series against the Celtics.

Heard laughs softly, which is all he can do in the company of his colleagues, who hurl a constant stream of insults at each other, some of them printable. Favorite subjects include Weinbauer's bald spot,

continued



Of Weinbauer's aides, Collins is vocal, Heard (left) is rarely heard, Bibby is intense.

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height (he's 5'9½") and age (he's all of 43, but both Collins, 31, and Bibby, 33, refer to him as "your dad"); Bibby's height (he has always been listed as being 6'1") but Weinbauer swears Bibby is barely 6 feet; and scouting reports ("My secretary usually has to write them over," says Weinbauer; and Collins' nonchalance ("He likes to pretend that nothing bothers him, but he's more sensitive than any one of us," says Weinbauer).

Let anyone forget, Collins could play a little. He was the first pick of the 1973 NBA draft and a four-time All-Star who was just hitting his prime when a variety of foot and knee injuries slowed him. He had surgery seven times and finally had to retire after the 1980-81 season. Before he was hurt, Collins was quick and volatile on the court, and his moves were more playground than textbook. "Tell you the truth, I never thought of Doug as a coaching type," says Heard. "Henry, yes, Doug, no." But though his play may not have reflected it, Collins was a student of the game. He kept detailed notes about every opponent. During Philly-Boston games he delighted in telling his opposite number on the Celtics, Charlie Scott, where Scott was supposed to line up on a particular set play called from the Boston bench. Further, Collins devoured the game type on the sports pages and kept up with the college game, too. "I had so much info they called me Scoop," says Collins.

Bibby has had coaching aspirations since high school. When his nine-year NBA career ended in San Diego after the 1980-81 season, he signed on as a Lancaster player-assistant coach under Cazzie Russell, and they led the Lightning to the CBA championship. Two teams in that league, the Albany (N.Y.) Patroons and the Wyoming Wildcatters, offered Bibby the head job for this season. He was mulling over which one to take when his lawyer urged him to apply for a slot at Arizona State.

Collins and Bibby are splitting the princely sum of \$52,000, the amount budgeted for two basketball assistants. However, Collins is still getting paid by the 76ers, having settled a seven-year contract that once paid him a reported \$300,000 a year. Not only did that make him one of the highest-paid players in the league at the time, but he also invested his income wisely.

Bibby, on the other hand, is an average Henry. He never had a contract worth as

much as \$100,000 a year and didn't have a lot of money for investing. But he has a job in the town where he wants to live, and he's not spending \$800 a month on phone bills as he did when he was looking for a coaching job after he retired.

While Heard, 34, tries to make it as a businessman, he's also getting some deferred money from his contract with San Diego, the last team he played with before retiring after the 1980-81 season. Unlike Collins and Bibby, he never thought about coaching until he spent a year away from the game, but now he feels that it might be his future.

"The year after I quit was the first time



Starry staff or no, Weinbauer is the boss.

I really started watching basketball," Heard says. "I went to a lot of Suns games and began looking at college games on TV. I really got interested in it from a coaching standpoint." He discussed that interest with Phoenix Sun Coach John MacLeod, who also was Heard's college coach at Oklahoma, and MacLeod urged him to apply to work with Weinbauer. "The main thing that placed Doug and Henry above Gar was that they'd had one year of coaching," says Weinbauer. Adds Heard, "I really wasn't disappointed at all that Doug and Henry were chosen ahead of me. I'm just looking to pick up some coaching experience. I think I'd like to stick with it now."

None of the three turns practice time

into showtime. Collins might be tempted, but the left knee that ended his career blows up like a balloon after strenuous activity. Rather, they concentrate on specific responsibilities: Collins handles the man-to-man offense, Bibby the full-court man-to-man and half-court defenses, the 6'6" Heard the big men. Weinbauer's specialties are the zone defenses and offenses and the transition game.

During games all three assistants coach the way they played. Collins is a jumping jack and a screamer, who's often hoarse by the end of a game. Whoever comes to the bench, big man or small man, will get a few words of advice from Collins. Bibby is quiet but relentlessly intense. He speaks almost to himself using the buzzwords that characterized his own game: "Pressure, pressure! Push it, push it! Step in, step in!" Heard will occasionally have a word with a big man, but he's silent most of the time.

Because Collins is more familiar with Weinbauer's system, he's Weinbauer's principal sounding board during games. But Weinbauer will often ask all his assistants. "Any ideas on personnel?" Despite the presence of these big-name former pros, this remains Weinbauer's team. A sardonic, wisecracking disciplinarian who took Penn, an Ivy League team, to the Final Four in 1979, Weinbauer runs practice, draws up the game plan and does almost all of the talking during timeouts. And he knows of what he speaks, his major-college record is 103-46.

Still, no one can forget that his three assistants represent 28 years of NBA experience. All three played in NBA title games, and Bibby owns a Knicks' 1973 championship ring. Their example has been particularly significant in the case of junior Guard Byron Scott, the only Sun Devil with surefire pro talent. Scott, who sat out last year because of personal problems, was initially unresponsive to the Weinbauer staff because he felt the head job should have gone to Jim Newman, a Walk assistant. Scott has changed his tune, now that Collins has him squaring up when he takes his jumper and Bibby has worked with him on establishing defensive position.

"Everybody assumed I'd be going hardship after this year," says Scott, "but now I'm 85 to 90 percent convinced I'll be sticking around. If I want to be in the NBA, I may as well stay here and learn from them. After all, they've been there and I haven't."

THE WEEK

(Dec. 6-12)

by HERM WEISKOPF

MIDWEST

"E.T. go home" That was the chant that rang through the Mid-South Coliseum as Memphis State rosters whooped it up during an 80-62 conquest of East Tennessee State. There were also calls of "A.T." as Tiger Coach Dana Kirk urged on freshman Guard Andre Turner, who responded with 11 points, seven steals and seven assists. Phillip (Doom) Haynes had 17 points for Memphis State in that game and a like number during a 72-59 defeat of Kent State. Bobby Parks led the way against the Golden Flashes with 21 points, and freshman reserve Forward Baskerville Holmes proved he's on the case. In last week's two outings, Holmes played 40 minutes, scored 17 points and pulled down 11 rebounds. Kirk, who's interested in recruiting a Colorado high schooler named Sherlock Holmes, insists he's about to launch a nationwide search for a player named Watson. "We'll call him Doc," Kirk said. "We may get hats and pipes and sneak up on people."

Wichita State did some sneaking up of its own, handing Cal State-Fullerton its first setback of the season. With Forward Xavier McDaniel scoring 27 points, the Shockers were 82-61 winners. Wichita State also beat Alabama-Birmingham 89-88 in overtime Tulsa was upended 93-75 by visiting Oklahoma State, as Raymond Cresshaw of the Cowboys came through with 25 points. That ended a string of 36 home triumphs for the Golden Hurricane.

Oklahoma tore apart Abilene Christian 110-61, Westmont 85-62 and West Texas State 117-85 as 6' 9" freshman Wayne Tisdale poured in a total of 85 points and took down 32 rebounds. Against Abilene Christian, Tisdale sank 22 of 27 shots and scored 51 points, a record for a Division I freshman. For the week, Tisdale sank 36 of 51 field-goal tries and 13 of 22 free throws.

"I used to write them on a matchbook cover," said Missouri Coach Norm Stewart of his scouting reports and game plans. "Now I'm using the back of an envelope. I may have to go to sheets of paper." Last week, with envelopes still sufficient, the Tigers played a game that may be little noted nor long remembered. That was when they blew out Jackson State 86-51 as the visiting Tigers tried to virtually bury Missouri Center Steve Stipanovich. While Jackson State attempted to wrap up Stipo—he scored 24 points—his teammates buried the Colonels with nearly uncontested shots during the early going.

Sandwiched around that romp were two other wins for Missouri, 76-68 over Temple and 87-59 over Oregon State. By sinking nine

of their first 10 shots against the Owls, the Tigers spurred to an early lead. Temple, which got 28 points from Grainger Hall, narrowed the gap to four points midway through the second half before Missouri applied the finishing touch. Stipanovich, who scored 22 points on the night, led the final surge by getting 10 of the Tigers' last 18 points. For good measure, Stipo blocked three Owl shots during the final minute of play.

The Oregon State game was a matchup of men who shared Coach of the Year honors last season—Ralph Miller of the Beavers having been given that award by the AP and Stewart having been chosen by UPI. Jon Sundvold's 16 points enabled Mizou to lead by six at the half. Then, during the first eight minutes after the intermission, Sundvold and Stipanovich outscored the Beavers 23-7 to break the game open. Sundvold had 32 points against Oregon State and a total of 64 in the three games.

Louisville's players got an earful at halftime of their game against Eastern Kentucky. The Cardinals, who had been jolted by Purdue the week before, led Eastern by only seven points at the intermission. That's when Coach Denny Crum expressed himself in terms that apparently were extremely clear. After getting their ears singed, the Cardinals bombed the net for 12 points in the opening 4½ minutes of the second half to increase their advantage to 43-26. When it was all over, Louisville had an 82-53 victory.

Despite injuries to two starters, Houston dealt Auburn its second loss, 77-65. By the time Center Akeem Abdul Olajuwon (sprained right ankle) left with 11:24 remaining, he had 14 points, 12 rebounds and six

blocks; Forward Larry Michesus, who had a slight spasm in his lower back, scored only six points. Michael Young took up much of the slack for the Cougars by scoring 16 of his 22 points in the final 20 minutes.

No sooner had Iowa State fans started muttering things like, "What in Sam Hill's joint on around here?" than the Cyclones came up with some unexpectedly convincing answers. Those rosters had high hopes for two freshmen, 7' 1" litard Dudek and 6' 8" Sam Hill. But Dudek was injured in a car accident over the summer and will probably be sidelined all season, and Hill is sitting out the year to concentrate on academics. Nonetheless, Iowa State has built a 5-0 record. On the way to their finest start since 1968, the Cyclones defeated Drake 52-47 and Arizona 80-66. They gave Drake a sample of their Scrooge defense—no gifts—by limiting the Bulldogs' starting five to 14 points.

WEST

UCLA was holding a 28-25 lead over San Jose State, when Rocket Rod Foster got the Bruins' fast break clicking midway through the first half. Foster and fellow Guard Michael Holton pumped in 18 points apiece, and Durren Doye had 19 as UCLA roared to a 94-71 win.

Sidney Green and Dunny Turkianian were the catalysts as Nevada-Las Vegas gambled in a pair of home-court victories. During an 88-70 romp past Arizona, Green had 28 points and 14 rebounds. Turkianian set a school mark in that game by dishing out 20 assists. Three days later, Green had 23 points and 18 rebounds as the Rebels disposed of Nevada-Reno 85-75.

Guards Ernest Patterson and Steve Collier supplied much of the firepower as New Mexico State knocked New Mexico from the unbeaten list 101-86. The 6' 3" Patterson kept the host Aggies rolling with a superlative performance—42 points, 10 rebounds and five assists. Collier added 18 points for New Mexico State, which set team records for free throws made (37) and attempted (50).

San Diego State ran its record to 6-0 by defeating Duquesne 100-88, San Diego 47-45 and Oregon 49-47. Michael Cage of the Aztecs had 11 rebounds in each of the first two games and 12 in the third.

Two Big Sky teams were off to 7-0 starts. A pair of home-court victories—80-53 over Southern Utah and 61-58 over Washington State enabled Montana to equal its best start in more than 30 years. And Weber State, off to its finest start in history, was a 56-47 winner at Pacific.

MIDEAST

Iowa fans sing Auld Lang Syne last week. No, they weren't tuning up for New Year's Eve. It was simply their way of rendering a farewell to the 55-year-old Iowa field house, where the Hawkeyes celebrated the last game to be played there by knocking off Southern

continued

SI TOP 20

- | | |
|--------------------------|-----|
| 1. VIRGINIA (6-0) | 1 * |
| 2. UCLA (4-0) | 2 |
| 3. MEMPHIS STATE (6-0) | 3 |
| 4. KENTUCKY (5-0) | 4 |
| 5. GEORGETOWN (6-1) | 5 |
| 6. ALABAMA (4-0) | 6 |
| 7. INDIANA (6-0) | 7 |
| 8. TENNESSEE (4-0) | 9 |
| 9. LOUISVILLE (5-1) | 10 |
| 10. IOWA (6-0) | 11 |
| 11. MISSOURI (5-0) | 12 |
| 12. N. C. STATE (4-0) | 13 |
| 13. WEST VIRGINIA (5-0) | 14 |
| 14. ILLINOIS STATE (5-0) | 17 |
| 15. ST. JOHN'S (7-0) | 18 |
| 16. UNLV (5-0) | 19 |
| 17. SYRACUSE (6-0) | 20 |
| 18. WICHITA STATE (5-1) | — |
| 19. NORTH CAROLINA (3-2) | — |
| 20. SAN DIEGO ST. (6-0) | — |

* Last week

Col 66-55. In its final home game before moving into a new arena in January, Iowa used a matchup zone to hold the Trojans to 29.1% shooting in the first half and then switched to man-to-man in the second half. Three Hawkeyes had impressive stats: Forward Mark Gunnion had 14 rebounds, 10 points and five assists; Center Greg Stokes had 16 points, nine rebounds, five blocks and five assists; and Guard Bob Hansen added 14 points and eight assists. Iowa had earlier swept past Marquette 87-66 by breaking the Warriors' press. This time the big numbers were accumulated by Steve Carfino (17 points and 10 assists), Stokes (19 points) and Michael Payne (16 rebounds).

Indiana pulled away from a 26-25 halftime advantage at Notre Dame by going inside against the inexperienced Irish. The Hoosiers didn't take a single shot from more than a dozen feet during the final 20 minutes of their 68-52 win. At the outset of the second half, Indiana outscored Notre Dame 21-11, with Ted Kitchel getting nine points and Steve Boschie eight. In addition to their other troubles, the Irish got only 10 points from Guard John Paxson, who was hampered by an injured right knee. The Hoosiers then won their own not-so-classic Indiana Classic for the ninth consecutive year, adding to their unbeaten record in the affair by beating Eastern Michigan 85-48 and Wyoming 78-65. And for the ninth time in a row the MVP award went to a Hoosier. Randy Wittman, who had 30 points in the finale.

Senior Greg Jones helped West Virginia squeak past Ohio State 69-67 in double overtime. Jones settled matters by popping in eight of the Mountaineers' 10 points in the second OT. The Buckeyes led 34-48 with 1:21 to be played in regulation but missed the first shots in a pair of one-and-one free-throw opportunities in the last 30 seconds. After the final miss, which came with 15 seconds left in regulation, Jones worked free and drove in for the tying basket with six seconds remaining. In all, Jones had 22 points.

South Carolina shut off hitherto undefeated Purdue's inside game from the stretch, jarring the visiting Boilermakers 59-53. Harold Martin and Brad Jergenson led the Gamecocks with 15 points each. After talking to his players following the game, South Carolina Coach Bill Foster, 52, suffered a heart attack and was rushed to a hospital. His condition on Sunday was reported to be stable.

Kentucky beat Detroit 83-46 and Illinois 76-57. Mel Turpin had 20 points and Dirk Mizurekfield eight assists as the Wildcats toyed with the Titans. None of the Illini felt worse than Bruce Douglas, a 6' 3", 175-pound freshman forward. Douglas, who didn't notice a peek set by Bret Bearup of Kentucky, collided head on with the 6' 9", 230-pound Bearup and left the game with a bloody nose. Bearup showed once again that the Wildcats are blessed with excellent depth as he spelled

Turpin at center, scored nine points and took down six rebounds in 18 minutes. Guard Dickie Beal was another effective substitute for Kentucky, chipping in 14 points and repeatedly disrupting the patient offense the Illini tried to run.

After coasting past Arizona 92-73, Tennessee had to weather a strong inside game by New Orleans before pulling out a 76-74 decision. The Privateers outrebounded the Vols 31-30, led most of the way and even forced Tennessee Coach Don DeVoe, a man-to-man purist, to briefly resort to a zone. New Orleans, which used one sub for only one minute, wore down at the end and squandered a 74-69 lead. With 2:18 left, Rob Jones of the Volunteers scored a rebound basket, was fouled and sank the free throw to make the score 74-72. Dale Ellis tied the score at 74-74 with 1:26 to go, when he made an 18-foot shot from the left side. Then, following a turnover, Ellis put the Vols in front 75-74 by converting one of two free throws. He finished with 30 points and teammate Michael Brooks had 25, most on shots over the New Orleans zone.

Alabama beat Southern Methodist 74-56, and Auburn was a 59-58 loser at Stetson, which had three one-point victories last week.

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

RALPH SAMPSON Virginia's 7' 4" All-America center had 36 points during a 104-91 win over Duke and then led the Cavaliers past Georgetown 68-63 with 23 points, 16 rebounds and seven blocks.

In its Hatter Classic Stetson knocked off Tennessee Tech 68-67 and Georgia State 64-63. South Florida won its second straight Florida Four tournament as Charles Bradley guined in 72 points. Bradley scored 42 as the Bulls defeated Florida State 90-77 and had 30 more during a 77-73 triumph over Florida in the championship game.

"Illinois State exemplifies what defensive basketball is all about," said Oral Roberts Coach Ken Hayes after a 54-40 loss to the Redbirds in Normal. "Early in the game we tried to run some cuts, and they said, 'Uh, uh. No cuts.'" The 40 points by the Titans was their all-time low. Everything had been normal in Normal earlier in the week as Illinois State fought off DePaul 77-62 behind Rick Lamb's 23 points and 11 rebounds. The Redbirds broke apart a tight game by outscoring the Blue Demons 16-6 during the final three minutes of play.

EAST Alabama players gave Penn State fans the shits off their backs. The shits, which were worn during pregame warmups, carried the slogan: GO LIONS, BEAT GEORGIA, NUBBER ONE. That was the Crimson Tide's way of urging on Penn State's football team in its Sugar Bowl showdown with Georgia.

Although the 'Bama basketball players won over the Nittany Lion supporters with ease, they had a hard time winning the game. It took three overtimes before the Tide came out on top 75-67. Alabama made 14 foul shots during the final five-minute period, with Guard Mike Davis leading the way by scoring nine of his 17 points in the last OT. Mike Lang's 17 points and 12 rebounds kept Penn State in contention.

A flurry of late free throws also paid off for Penn, which stunned Villanova 84-80. As the game wound down, Wildcat Coach Rube Massimino felt his best chance of pulling out a win—the Quakers had led by a narrow margin virtually the whole way—was to have his players foul Anthony Arnette of Penn, who had been shooting only 60.0% (three of five for the season) from the foul line. Arnette, however, is a crack free-throw shooter, and he proved it by canning all 10 of his free throws in the last three minutes. Quaker Coach Craig Littlepage's game plan was to "concede the perimeter shooting so we could control the boards." It was a maneuver that worked splendidly, as Penn won the rebound battle 39-26. Invaluable, too, were Paul Little's 23 points.

"Coach worked on me all week, telling me the importance of positioning off the boards, and I just kept working at it hard," said Tony Brun of Syracuse after a 92-87 win over Houston. Brun had nine rebounds and scored 26 points. Clyde Drexler of the Cougars led everyone with 28 points and 12 rebounds. Erich Santiflor, who had 22 points for Syracuse, wrapped things up by intercepting a pass with 33 seconds left. Houston had won its first five games, its best start since 1969.

Coach Charlie Harrison of visiting East Carolina, well aware of North Carolina State's new high-powered offense, chose not to use the ACC's three-point shot and 30-second rule. Without the shot clock, both teams resorted to slowdown tactics, with Johnny Edwards scoring all the Pirates' points as they took an 11-5 lead. With 6' 11" Thurl Bailey guarding him in the second half, though, Edwards had just four points and the Wolfpack prevailed 57-49. N.C. State then beat Michigan State 45-41.

While the Santa Clara defense was collapsing on North Carolina's Sam Perkins, 6' 11" freshman Brad Daugherty got free for three layups in a row to give the Tar Heels a 32-23 halftime advantage. Perkins finished with only nine points, but Daugherty had 17 and Michael Jordan 22 in Carolina won 79-56.

So, John's breezed past Fairleigh-Dickinson 87-65 and Niagara 88-53 as David Russell scored 20 points in each game. In the first of them, Kevin Williams of the Redmen came off the bench to put in 21 points. Boston College 16-40 also romped, drubbing Northeastern 92-79 and Brown 102-75 and then setting a school scoring record by thrashing Bentley 132-79.

HOW TO STOP DRUNK DRIVING.

TOUGH LAWS MAY HELP, BUT WE ALSO NEED TO CHANGE OUR ATTITUDES.

Do you know anyone who's in favor of drunk driving? Not likely. And yet many people have driven when under the influence of alcohol, or will do it at least once.

Take a look at some chilling statistics. One out of every two of us will be involved in an alcohol-related accident sometime during our lives. Last year alone, more than 25,000 people died in such accidents; an additional 1.5 million were injured. A disproportionate number of those killed were under 25 years old.

The cost of drunk-driving accidents amounts to over \$24 billion every year in property damage, loss of wages, medical and legal fees. Not to mention the emotional pain to the victims' families and friends.

What is being done about it? Over the years, many different approaches have been tried: mandatory jail sentences, stiff fines, license suspensions, alcohol-rehabilitation programs, and higher drinking-age laws.

No single countermeasure seems to do the job by itself. Tough laws, unless they are supported by equally tough enforcement and the certainty of punishment, don't seem to

work over the long run. Even with all three, probably the most effective single thing we could do is to examine our own attitudes about drinking and driving.

How much do you really know about the effects of alcohol? The facts may surprise you. For example, a lot of people believe that beer and wine are less intoxicating than other drinks. In fact, a can of beer, a glass of wine, or a 1½-ounce drink of 86-proof liquor are all about equally intoxicating.

A lot of factors determine how quickly you'll get drunk. Your body weight, how much you've had to eat, and the number of drinks you have over a specified time all make a difference. That's why it's so hard to know when you've had too much.

A common legal definition of intoxication is .10 percent blood-alcohol level. For a 160 lb. person, it takes about four or five drinks in the first two hours on an empty stomach to reach the legal limit, compared with three or four drinks in the first two hours for someone who weighs 120 lbs. Of course, your judgment and reaction time will be impaired well before you reach the legal limit.

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Meanwhile, seat belts are still your best protection against drunk drivers. They can't prevent an accident, but they will help save your life during a serious crash—what ever the cause.

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Mike Weaver wandered around the edge of the ring pounding his fists together, a dazed and quizzical expression on his face. In the center of the ring, the same Las Vegas ring where one month earlier Korean lightweight Duk Koo Kim had suffered a fatal beating, Michael (Dynamite) Dokes lay face down, his legs jerking in ecstasy. A crowd of whooping followers swarmed over

he's just a notoriously slow starter." Sugar Ray Leonard thought Curtis must have "panicked." Larry Holmes, who like Leonard was on hand as a TV commentator, opined, "Curtis couldn't referee any kids in a baseball game."

The WBA official monitoring the fight, Nick Kerasiotes, said only that he was "very surprised" at the decision and that he wanted to review the films. The

by Ralph Wiley

Fast work-in fact, too fast

Michael Dokes snatched Mike Weaver's heavyweight title in 63 seconds



Referee Curtis holds on to a jubilant Dokes after declaring him the new WBA champion.

him. Meanwhile, Referee Joey Curtis was hurriedly escaping through the ropes. At 1:03 of the first round, Curtis had halted last Friday's bout between Weaver and Dokes and awarded the WBA heavyweight title to the 24-year-old challenger, Dokes. "Weaver was hurt bad. That's what I saw," Curtis said before disappearing.

But observers close to the action at Caesars Palace thought Curtis had made the wrong decision. Dr. Donald Romeo, the ringside physician, said, "They shouldn't have stopped it. The referee was wrong. Weaver was fine. The fact is

30-year-old Weaver's handlers interrupted their outrage to quickly file a protest with the WBA and suggested to all who would listen that the fight had been fixed by promoter Don King, a Dokes adviser. (The WBA is expected to urge a rematch, but not to rule no contest and reschedule the fight, as the Weaver camp demanded.) King grinned like a demon and said little. King always grins like a demon, although he usually says a lot.

Dokes, who had been top-rated by both the WBA and WBC, rushed at Weaver at the opening bell and pummeled him. The big blow that began

Weaver's fall was a left hook. Almost simultaneously Weaver fogged Dokes with a strong left hand of his own to the forehead, but Dokes's punch had by far the more telling effect. He followed it with a right and another left hook, and Weaver was down. Though he rose quickly and calmly took the mandatory eight count, thereafter he never made it five feet from where he got up. An 18-punch fusillade pinned him on the ropes. He was unable, or unwilling, to throw anything in return. Suddenly the hovering Curtis stepped between the fighters as though breaking them from a clinch. Instead, astonishingly, he led Dokes away and lifted his hands. The new champion sprang high in the air and crashed to the canvas, in the process banging his head harder than Weaver had been able to do. It seemed at first that Dokes, lying there twitching, was the one knocked out. Dr. Romeo's first concern, in fact, was for Dokes, not Weaver. "Dokes was on the floor in some kind of trance, some kind of euphoric state," he said.

When they realized the fight was over, the 4,500 fans, having paid as much as \$50 a seat for the minute of action, began to boo and then chant "Bull—! Bull—!" and "Fix! Fix!" Meanwhile, a brawl broke out in the ring between the two camps. Dokes had demanded the championship belt that Weaver had worn into the ring. Audrin Weaver—why is it that brothers of fighters always seem to take losses so much more personally than the fighters themselves?—swiped at Dokes, precipitating a chaos that, coupled with the crowd's growing disapproval, persuaded ringmaster Chuck Hull that he would be best advised not to announce the TKO at all. He fled from the ring on Curtis' heels.

When the Caesars Palace musclemen at last got things calmed down, the dethroned champion's anger had abated, and he had regained his usual expression of blank beatitude. A still delirious Dokes had his arms around Weaver's neck. He was kissing him repeatedly. "I told him I loved him," said Dokes later. "And he said he'd ask God to bless me." Weaver was then carried on shoulders from the

continued

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Weaver, on the ropes, blocked some of Dokes's shots, but plenty got through. Right: The ex-champ says he wuz robbed.

BOXING continued

hall in a slow parade of moral victory.

Curtis appeared at King's postfight bash to press his case for the quick TKO. "I asked [Weaver] after the knockdown if he was all right, and he didn't give me a correct answer," Curtis said. Earlier Weaver had maintained that the referee had never talked to him, had never looked into his eyes to check him out. "I asked him, 'Are you O.K.?' " Curtis said hotly, "and he gave me a feeble 'O.K.,' so I decided to let it go on for a few more punches."

"You don't stop a champion without speaking to him," Weaver had charged.

"If he says I never said anything to him, he was more out of the picture than I thought," said Curtis.

Weaver and Curtis ended up calling each other liars. In truth, Curtis did speak to Weaver after the knockdown, but, as Weaver claimed, he didn't do so again, nor did he make any further effort to examine Weaver before declaring Dokes the winner.

A 10-year veteran with nine title fights to his credit, the 55-year-old Curtis had been chosen as referee only that morning at a meeting of the Nevada State Athletic Commission. "Kim was all they stressed at that meeting," he said. "And Kim was always in the back of my head." A day



later, Roy Tensson, executive secretary of the commission, delivered a rare reproof, saying, "I think the ref overreacted because of all the safety talk. I recommend a rematch based on his stopping the fight too early and on Weaver's reaction [in the ring]. Weaver was real sharp and knew what he was doing."

Weaver, in fact, didn't do much of anything Friday night, which seems to be a pattern with him. He had fought only twice since he had knocked out John Tate for the title in March 1980, just when it seemed that Tate was about to add another loss to Weaver's mediocre record (22-9-0 upon winning the crown). His two title defenses were mildly courageous—particularly when he

stopped Gerrie Coetzee after being hurt—but altogether lackluster. He has been totally eclipsed in the none-too-broad shadow of Holmes, the WBC titleholder who TKO'd Weaver in 1979. According to Bobby Lewis, Dokes's owlish trainer with the bristle-brush mustache, Weaver looks like Hercules—a nickname he despises—but fights like Hamlet: reflectively, if at all. Lewis had already beaten Weaver, with Duane Bobick in 1974, and was training Ron Lyle when Weaver came in as a sparring partner. "He left after about three days," Lewis recalls. "I didn't think he had the heart. So the plan was, go get him."

Dokes, out of Akron, had shown the speed of some welterweights on his way to a 25-0-1 record. He hasn't been knocked down since his amateur days when, at 17, he ran up against the great Teofilo Stevenson. That fight is notable in retrospect, because Dokes came out against the Cuban the same way he would against Weaver, wild-eyed and snorting. Stevenson dropped him in the first, but Dokes came back the same way in the final two rounds and roughed up Stevenson badly before losing a split decision. As a pro, Dokes's decisions over Tex Cobb and George Chaplin were undistinguished, but he had impressive KOs of such worthies as Ossie Ceasro, John L. Gardner, Harry Terrell, Lynn Ball and Franco Thomas, whom he put away in an aggregate of 11 rounds. By Friday night he went in as nearly a 3-1 favorite.

The new champion didn't show up at the press conference following his triumph—he went back to the hotel and climbed into a bathtub that had been half filled with Taittinger champagne. Weaver, showing a three-inch line of swelling over his right temple, did appear, sitting next to his manager, Don Manuel, and Audrin, both of them red-eyed. Manuel said, "The last thing I told Mike before the bell rang was to watch out for the early rush. If Dokes throws a lot of punches, and you don't throw any, they'll stop the fight." It was just like it was scripted." But Manuel stopped short of the word fix. Dokes, who appeared later in a champagne-soaked red robe outside his room, didn't, though. When asked about the charges, he said fiercely, "Do you think the knockdown was a fix? Do you? Do you?" Then he smiled as broadly as possible for someone who isn't Don King. "Did you want another Duk Koo Kim?" he asked.

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The Hoosiers hung in there

In eight overtimes, Indiana finally beat Duke for the NCAA championship



If it can be said that Indiana won a battle of attrition (left), then Thompson, here challenging Ulrich, deserved the Purple Heart.

by Dan Levin

The longest NCAA championship soccer game ever, between Duke and Indiana, was 2½ hours and seven overtimes old, the score was still tied at 1-1, and the field at Lockhart Stadium in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. last Saturday night was so littered with the lame and weary that it resembled a Mathew Brady photograph of a Civil War battlefield. The undefeated Blue Devils, ranked No. 1 most of the season, had Sweeper Back Joe Ulrich, winner of the Hermann Award, college soccer's equivalent of the Heisman. Indiana, with a tougher schedule, had won 20 straight games, after losing three of its first four, and had the Hermann runner-up, Senior Wing Back Gregg Thompson, alias Thumper. As the eighth OT began, heavy questions were being asked: Could either team lose? Would the game ever end? What exactly is meant by sudden death?

With 44 seconds left in that overtime, Thompson came up with all the answers.

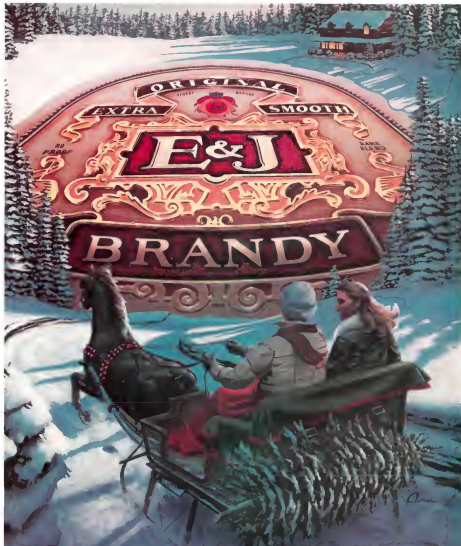
Having been switched to forward for the first time since his freshman year, Thompson had been awarded a direct free kick from 20 yards after Ulrich had tripped him. "I didn't know if I had any energy left to kick," Thompson said of the freebie. But he caught the ball on the inside of his right foot and sliced it around the wall of Duke defenders and just within the right goalpost to give Indiana its first NCAA title in 10 years of playing varsity soccer.

The game was wondrous to contemplate. Indeed, there had been something special about it from the moment the two teams qualified for it. For one thing, neither finalist was primarily a team of foreigners, which bodes well for the future of U.S. soccer. In fact, even the defeated semifinalists were virtually all-American teams—Connecticut, the 1981 champion, which lost to Duke 2-1, and Southern Illinois at Edwardsville, which fell to Indiana 1-0. And, oddly, Duke and Indiana had never played each other and didn't even have a common opponent this season. So the game had dramatic potential, and for 159 minutes and 16 seconds the play was the thing.

The Blue Devils were overpowering at first, but they failed to take advantage of the tentative Hoosiers. Then, at the five-minute mark, Indiana's man-to-man defense tightened; suddenly the Blue Devils' offense was going nowhere. Fifteen minutes into the first half Thompson took a loose ball in the Duke penalty area, trapped it with his right foot and thumped it home. Indiana led 1-0.

The nickname Thumper doesn't derive from Thompson's soccer kicking. His football coach at Stillwater (Minn.) High gave Thompson the moniker because he supposedly ran like the rabbit Thumper in *Bambi*. It was a compliment. In 1978, his senior season, he rushed for 1,500 yards in 10 games and was named Minnesota Athlete of the Year. He received football scholarship offers from Wisconsin, Iowa, Colorado and Minnesota, to name a few. But he decided to play soccer in college after playing club soccer in Stillwater, where it's played in the spring. "It was the toughest decision of my life," he says.

continued



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"He was an average player when he came to me," says Indiana Soccer Coach Jerry Yeagley, "but now he's a superlative one. And he's easily the best athlete I've coached in my 20-year career."

At halftime Saturday Yeagley said to Thompson and the other Hoosiers, "We're not going to sit on the lead, but we're not going to take any chances, either."

John Rennie, the Duke coach, told his troops, "From the neck up you played one of your worst 45 minutes ever. But I'm telling you this. The score's not going to be 1-0 when the game ends."

Midway through the second half, Thompson, who had been sidelined for five weeks in October and November with left knee and thigh injuries, went down again. He leaped for the ball with Pat Johnston, the Duke goalie, and fell to the ground clutching his left thigh. He limped off the field, and that seemed to inspire Duke. With 8½ minutes to play, the Blue Devils' Sean McCoy took a pass, dribbled the ball 10 yards to Indiana's penalty area and neatly clipped it over the head of Goaltender Chris Peterson. Peterson had given up only nine goals in the 18 games he had played this year, and three of those were on free kicks, so Duke could hardly expect many more scores. But at least the Blue Devils had tied the game. And there it would remain—for a very long time.

With the 90 minutes of regulation time having ended, and the score 1-1, NCAA rules called for two 15-minute sudden death overtime periods. At 5:40 of the first one, Thompson, who had returned to action shortly after McCoy's goal, fell hard and went to the sidelines once more. Again his misfortune seemed to inspire Duke, which began whipping shots goalward from all angles. The Blue Devils outshot Indiana 6-2 in those first two OTs. But Indiana held, and at the end of the second 15 minutes the game had stretched to two hours. The score, of course, was still tied.

The next step was to play as many five-minute sudden-death periods as would be needed to resolve this impasse. Presumably, the overtimes could go on all night. Thompson returned to play, but this time his presence didn't seem to dismay Duke. Ulrich, called "a maestro" by some of his backs, was directing the show from his sweeper position. The Blue Devils were controlling the ball, but the Hoosier defense was impenetrable.



His fiancée Nelle (left), father Graydon and mother Phoebe were happy for Thompson.

At one juncture, when Duke Defender Mike Jeffries fired on the Indiana goal, the only Hoosier who wasn't lined up in front of it was Goalie Peterson. But as tough as the Indiana defense was, its offense was as unyielding in quite another sense. The scene, it seemed, was being set for Soccer at Sunrise.

Or, maybe, *MAY'S H*. As the fourth five-minute period began, Thompson went up for a ball with Jeffries, tumbled and limped off for a third time. Others who fell arose more and more slowly. There was a time-out, and the players looked like students in a mass outdoor yoga class, stretching their hamstrings and twisting at their waists. Play was getting sloppy, and as the sixth OT ended, it was announced that the coaches and NCAA officials had agreed to try 10-minute periods. As the first one began, 59 minutes of play had elapsed since McCoy had tied the score. Thompson returned, cramped up yet again and went out. Duke attacked. Indiana couldn't counter-attack. And about the time that 10-minute period No. 1 concluded, Hoosier Assistant Coach Don Rawson turned to Yeagley, who had just said, "What a great game for college soccer," and asked, "Do you think the NCAA would consider declaring co-champions?"

"No way," Yeagley said. "I've waited 20 years. I'd rather lose it than be a co-champion."

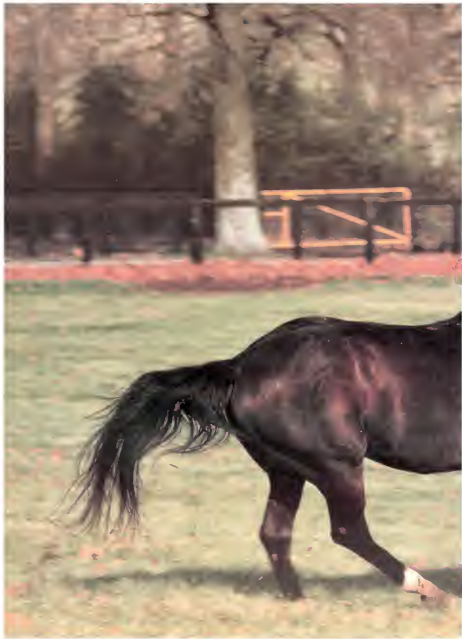
Seventy-five seconds into the second 10-minute period, Duke Forward Tom Kain launched a kick from just inside the

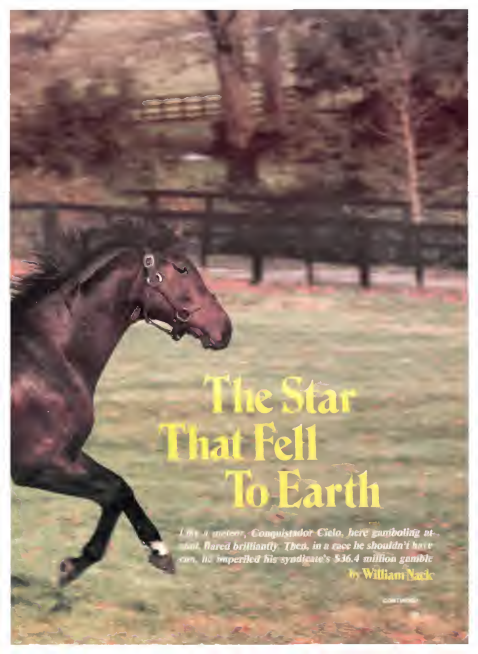
penalty area toward the Indiana goal, but it bounced harmlessly away after appearing to hit Hoosier Sweeper Dan King on the hands. It was the game's only controversial play. Duke players and fans screamed for a "handball," an infraction that calls for a penalty shot, kicker against goalie, one-on-one. Nine of 10 such kicks strike home. But Referee Al Kleintits saw no handball, and the game lurched on. Minutes later, Paul DiBernardo, the 5'4" brother of Angelo, the Hoosiers' two-time All-America (1977-78), passed off to Thompson, who ran afoul of Ulrich, and the rest is very special NCAA history.

Ulrich, who has been drafted in the first round by the New York Arrows of the MISL and who's waiting confidently for word from the NASL, said afterward, "As sweeper I'm the last man before my goal, and Thompson is very quick. He was in the area where he could have scored easily. But I went for the ball, not him."

Thompson, a finance major with an A— average, was scheduled to graduate this week, and in three weeks he's to marry his high school sweetheart, Nelle Palmer. He has also been drafted in the MISL first round, by theazers, and an NASL offer looks like a sure thing. Further, on this interminable night in Fort Lauderdale he'd scored two goals in one game for the first time in his brilliant Indiana career. He was asked, "Do you ever regret choosing soccer over football?"

"Are you kidding?" he replied.



A dark-colored horse, likely a stallion named Conquistador Cielo, is captured in mid-stride, running across a grassy field. The horse is wearing blinkers. In the background, there is a dark wooden fence and a line of trees with some autumn-colored foliage. The overall scene is dynamic and energetic.

The Star That Fell To Earth

Like a meteor, Conquistador Cielo, here gamboling about, flared brilliantly. Then, in a race he shouldn't have won, he imperiled his syndicate's \$36.4 million gamble

by William Nack

CONTINUED



At Claiborne, Hancock pets Cielo, whose tender ankle gave him "the worst moment" of his life.

Conquistador Cielo

continued

The Travers Stakes at Saratoga on Aug. 21 had been a stirring speed duel. Two colts, Conquistador Cielo and Aloma's Ruler, had battled head and head almost every step of the way; they had set sail together into the first turn and had stayed together down the backside, around the far turn and into the homestretch. Neither had yielded a beat, though the pace and pressure of the duel had brought them both to the cracking point.

Now, after racing nine furlongs, deep into the stretch, with Conquistador Cielo on the inside and Aloma's Ruler lapped on him on the outside, Cielo shoved his head in front for an instant. Then, suddenly, Cielo began to give way. Aloma's Ruler was back at him, nose to nose. The second largest crowd in the history of Saratoga, 41,839, had sent Conquistador Cielo off as the 2-5 favorite, and a roar went up when Aloma's Ruler appeared to have him on the ropes.

There was more riding on Cielo, to be sure, than Jockey Eddie Maple. Over the previous 10 days, Seth Hancock, the 33-year-old president of Claiborne Farm, had sold shares in a Conquistador Cielo

syndicate for \$36.4 million, making him the most expensive horse in history. In fact, just five hours before the start of the race, Hancock had handed the colt's owner, Henryk de Kwiatkowski, a cashier's check for \$6 million to cover the down payment.

Sitting near Hancock in the box-seat section of the clubhouse, watching grimly as the Travers reached its climax, were a number of Cielo's syndicate members, most of them longtime Claiborne clients who, on Hancock's advice and at his urging, had agreed to pay \$910,000 apiece, including interest, for shares in the horse, whose value would plummet if he lost this race. Saratoga is known as "the graveyard of favorites," and Hancock had been getting ominous vibes all day. Beyond that, he had good reason to believe that Cielo might not be physically at his best. Still, nothing he felt or knew could have prepared him for what was happening.

Inside the eighth pole, Conquistador Cielo was a beaten horse. As he faded, Aloma's Ruler tired, too, and long shot Runaway Groom came bounding down the middle of the track, passed them both

and won Cielo came in third, beaten a length and a quarter.

Not wanting to face the syndicate members and their questions, a stunned and shaken Hancock left his seat as Cielo hit the wire. He hurried down the clubhouse staircase. Then he turned right and headed through the grandstand, the home of the \$2 player. He heard bettors laughing, jeering, crowing the way bettors do. Hancock remembers: "They were saying things like, 'How do you think those stupid sonofabitches that paid \$36 million for that horse feel about him now?' I just ducked my head and kept walking. I felt stupid. I felt horrible, about as bad as you can feel, what with all these people who bought a share in the horse, clients of the farm. It was the worst moment in my life."

For Hancock the running of the Travers Stakes brought to a painful end the most difficult and vexing ordeal of his professional career, one in which he ultimately agreed to syndicate a horse for more money than he thought the animal was worth. Conquistador Cielo—the name means "Conqueror of the Sky" in Spanish—was retired the day after the Travers, so the race also concluded one of the strangest and most dramatic careers in the recent history of the American turf.

Six months before, in February, Cielo had been so dead lame that he could barely walk; on May 31 he had run the fastest mile ever in New York; five days after that he had astounded veteran race-trackers by winning the Belmont Stakes by 14 lengths; and two months later he had been syndicated for \$36.4 million. Now, on this afternoon, having almost won the Travers five days after his swollen left front ankle had been tapped and injected with cortisone, his racing career was over.

It was fitting that the last scenes of the drama were played out at Saratoga, because that's where it had begun two years before, when de Kwiatkowski paid \$150,000 for an attractive, neatly balanced yearling by Mr. Prospector out of K D Princess, a daughter of Bold Commander. Mr. Prospector was a racehorse of boundless speed, a gust of wind in the sprints. At the stud he had, not surprisingly, proven himself to be a sire of hor-

ses who preferred sprinting to stretching out. K D Princess was the weaker half of the yearling's pedigree. She had run for several \$25,000 claiming tags, not much of a recommendation as a broodmare prospect; when Cielo was foaled, she was unproven as a dam.

In fact, the yearling's pedigree was marginal for the select Saratoga sale. "But he was graded high physically," says John Finney, the head of Fasig-Tipton, the auction house that conducts the Saratoga sales. "A grand-looking horse. He sold on his looks." Lee Eaton, the bloodstock agent who sold the colt for the late Breeder Lewis landolt, said that he gave the colt a grade of "B plus" as a yearling and thought he could get \$125,000 for him, tops. At the sale on

ing Herschel Walker by half a length. When, following a fourth-place finish in the Sanford Stakes, Stephens discovered that Cielo was suffering from a V-shaped break, called a "saucer" fracture, of his left front cannon bone, he stopped him for the year.

Stephens worked diligently to get Cielo ready for the 1982 spring classics, but all hopes of his racing for the Triple Crown were abandoned when the saucer fracture reappeared in February. There were days when the colt was so sore that Stephens couldn't get him out of his stall. Desperate, ready to try anything, Stephens took the advice of a New York veterinarian and began using a gadget called a Be-Osteogen machine, which promotes the healing of fractures by stimulating



"I blew it," says Stephens of Cielo's loss in the Travers, which cut the colt's value by about 15%.

Aug. 8, 1980 de Kwiatkowski took him for \$25,000 more than that. "We were tickled to death," said Eaton.

Conquistador Cielo was put in Trainer Woody Stephens' charge when he was two, and it wasn't long before Cielo began to show signs of having the same kind of lick his sire had. Almost a year to the day after de Kwiatkowski bought him, he won the Saratoga Special, beat-

calcification through electrical impulses.

Three months later the fracture had healed. A phenom was ready to be born. After Cielo had won two allowance races, the second by 11 lengths against older horses at Belmont, Stephens saddled him for the Metropolitan Mile. Merely toying with the best older handicapper horses in the East, Cielo won by 7½ lengths in 1:33 flat, the fastest mile ever

continued

Conquistador Cielo

continued

run in New York. The brilliance of the victory fired the memories of even the most veteran handicappers.

"An astounding race," said Pat Lynch, a former New York racing official and longtime student of handicapping whose voice is normally restrained in judging horses' performances. "One of the all-time great Metropolitans. He ran like the wind. Just extraordinary."

Five days later, in defiance of the colt's pedigree, Stephens rolled up his sleeves and did what breeders were urging him not to do. He saddled Cielo for the mile-and-a-half Belmont Stakes. Stephens is recognized not only as a master horseman but also as an uncommonly astute handicapper who knows how to place a horse, when to go and when to back off. He learned that end of the business while training in the 1940s for Jules Fink, a New York handicapper of almost legendary reputation.

"Best I've ever been around," Stephens says. "I learned the value of a horse, how to place a horse. Jules built into my head that if a horse could go a solid mile, he could go as far as any horse could go. If he's a wild, speed-crazy horse, that's different, but if you can get him to relax, he can go it."

All Stephens heard the week before the Belmont were cries of disbelief. How could he hope to get a son of Mr. Prospector to go the Belmont distance, especially after having seen Cielo run a scorching mile just five days before? The pedigree alone, quite apart from the distance involved, was filled with stop signs. No less an authority than Leon Rasmussen, the respected bloodlines writer for the *Daily Racing Form*, wrote before the Belmont, "Of course, exceptions make the rule, but a victory by Conquistador Cielo would be an inexplicable, stunning upset [of breeding theory]..."

None of this dissuaded Stephens, a down-home country boy from Midway, Ky. He saw the spot and liked what he saw. He hadn't become the leading trainer of stakes winners in New York and a member of racing's

Hall of Fame by cowering in corners. "If you snooze, you lose," he likes to say. "You have to keep going. If you want to be a big flea, you must ride a big dog."

The big dog turned out to be a lot bigger than even Stephens had imagined him to be. Jockey Laffit Pincay Jr., substituting for the injured Maple in the Belmont, relaxed Cielo by keeping him off the rail—away from other horses, as Stephens had instructed him to do—and went along for the ride. The performance was electric. Moving with long, powerful, graceful strides, Cielo crushed his 10 rivals. It was suggested that Cielo might be a great racehorse, one of those rare animals who can run as fast as horses can run and handle the classic distances, too.

Stephens described Cielo as the best racehorse he'd ever trained, better even than Bald Eagle. Abandoning restraint, Lynch ranked Cielo with Native Dancer and Secretariat as the best 3-year-olds he'd ever seen. Breeding theorists, sent reeling by the Belmont, went further into the past than that. At a loss to explain the phenomenon, Rasmussen finally reached back more than a century, to one of the best racers and sires of all time, to extract a possible parallel. He wrote: "[Cielo]

may just be the most important mutation to appear in the thoroughbred breed since St. Simon [foaled in England in 1881] became known as 'the prototype of the modern thoroughbred' through first his racing and then his breeding accomplishments. Conquistador Cielo may just be the most significant sire prospect in the last 160 years."

For anyone involved in breeding and raising thoroughbreds, that was strong stuff, but what had happened was quite extraordinary. Five days before the Belmont, hardly anyone outside of Stephens' shed knew his horse's name, and now Cielo was all that anyone involved in New York racing was talking about. A month later he enhanced his reputation by smoking through three-quarters of a mile in a sensational 1:58½ en route to winning the Dwyer Stakes by four lengths. Stephens then shipped him upstate to Saratoga. That is where the trouble began. And it wasn't confined to Cielo's left foreleg.

Ever since he'd seen Cielo win the Metropolitan, Hancock had wanted to syndicate him and to stand him at Claiborne Farm. The Belmont Stakes merely quickened Hancock's desire for Cielo, and he began figuring in July that he would offer \$30 million for the horse when he met de Kwiatkowski at Saratoga to negotiate the sale following the Aug. 8 Jim Dandy Stakes. They had agreed to do no bargaining until then because of tax rules: An owner must keep a horse for two years for profits from his sale to be taxed as capital gains. It would mean a lot of money for de Kwiatkowski. The Jim Dandy would mark two years to the day since he had bought Cielo.

Hancock says that de Kwiatkowski told him on Monday, the first day of the negotiations, that Nelson Bunker Hunt and the Aga Khan had each offered \$40 million for the horse. Both men deny ever having made an offer for Cielo. It was, however, already well known that Windfields Farm of Chesapeake City, Md. had offered \$33 million. Cielo

continued



In dealing with Hancock, de Kwiatkowski kept raising the ante.



A partridge in a pear tree



Two turtle doves



Three French hens



Four calling birds



Five gold rings



Six geese a-laying



Seven swans a-swimming



Eight maids a-milking



Nine ladies dancing



Ten lords a-leaping



Eleven pipers piping



Twelve drummers drumming

What people gave before there was Chivas Regal.

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Conquistador Cielo

continued



Even before Cielo arrived at Saratoga, diverse methods were tried to keep him—and his ankles—cool.

had an abundance of the one quality American breeders covet in a sire: speed. Cielo also was the son of a brilliant sire, another attractive attribute, and he was a poised, tractable, even-tempered animal, also desirable traits. The one shortcoming, of course, was the weak female line through K D Princess. "I could go higher than \$30 million," Hancock told a writer at the Keeneland sales in July, "but I won't. I don't think he's worth it."

Hancock watched Conquistador Cielo win the Jim Dandy by a length. He saw that the colt was unable to shake loose from a horse named Lejolt, but the consensus was that Maple had kept Cielo under tight wraps. But in fact Cielo was beginning to suffer from a problem that would force Stephens to take a calculated risk in bringing the colt to the Travers 13 days later.

On the Monday after the Jim Dandy, Hancock and de Kwiatkowski met at Stephens' barn and then went to the Reading Room. Over breakfast they began ne-

gotiating for the syndication of Cielo. Though Hancock knew that de Kwiatkowski had ties to the E.P. Taylor family, which owns Windfields, he says he felt that he had the inside track. Hancock had syndicated Danzig, de Kwiatkowski's dazzling if crippled (from a knee injury in his early training) son of Northern Dancer, and Danzig was still at Claiborne. The farm also boarded de Kwiatkowski's mares. "I figured we had some sort of in," Hancock says.

In background, in personality and in style, the two negotiators offered sharp contrasts. Hancock, a Kentucky native and the son of one of America's most influential breeders, the late A.B. (Bull) Hancock, was born and bred to raising thoroughbreds and syndicating stallions. Bull had attracted some of racing's wealthiest clientele to Claiborne, and since World War II it had become one of the most prosperous thoroughbred nurseries in the world, a showcase that was home to fashionably bred mares and the

desirable stallions who served them. When Bull died unexpectedly in 1972, the job of running Claiborne devolved upon Seth, then 23, a soft-spoken, intense young man who wore his responsibilities heavily.

The younger Hancock's first major syndication was that of Secretariat in 1973 for \$6.08 million, at the time a world-record price. Since then he had syndicated and brought to Claiborne about 15 other stallions. Many of the farm's clients had been doing business there for years, boarding and breeding their mares and patronizing the farm's studs. They viewed Hancock much as they viewed their investment bankers. The relationship was based on trust and a handshake, with the clients seeking Hancock's advice and depending on him to provide investment opportunities—as, for instance, in stallion syndicates.

It was a world the 58-year-old Polish-born de Kwiatkowski (pronounced de-fia-KAUF-ski) had only recently joined. A romantic figure with a colorful—some say colored—past, de Kwiatkowski recalls the body of his father, an officer in the Polish cavalry, being brought to the family home in Poznan in 1939. He had been shot off his horse and killed by the Germans as he attacked an invading tank with a saber. As a boy of 15, de Kwiatkowski says, he was captured by the Soviets shortly after his father's death and taken by cattle car to a prison camp in Siberia, where he cut down trees and worked in a prison kitchen and from where, he says, he escaped in 1942 and then made his way to England by way of Iran and South Africa. En route, he says, he survived rat bites on a coal barge and the sinking of the *Empress of Canada*, on which he was a passenger when it was torpedoed off the coast of Sierra Leone.

Once in England, he joined the Polish Squadron of the Royal Air Force. According to an extract of his military record, de Kwiatkowski enlisted in the RAF in April of 1943 and served as a wireless operator.

Tales of his exploits in World War II make marvelous reading. In a recent magazine article that identified him as a Spitfire pilot, de Kwiatkowski was quoted as saying, "Our job was to intercept the V-2 rockets the Germans were

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Conquistador Cielo

continued



Many horsemen thought it unwise to run Cielo in the Belmont; he responded with a 14-length win.

hitting England with and tip them off course with our wings. It was delicate work." De Kwiatkowski may have been referring to a tactic used against German buzz bombs, rather than the rockets, but even so it is not at all clear how he came to be at the controls of a Spitfire, a single-seater fighter. In a recent telephone interview, in which he claimed he was reading from the extract of his military record, de Kwiatkowski said he served in the RAF as a copilot as well as a wireless operator. When he later provided the writer with the extract, the document confirmed only that he was a wireless operator, and mentioned nothing about his being a copilot.

The extract also says he joined the Polish armed forces in 1942, at the age of 18, while he was in the Soviet Union. There his remarkable odyssey began; it continued after the war.

He moved to Canada in 1952 and eventually to the U.S., where he joined United Aircraft Export Corp. In 1962, with \$3,000 in capital, he founded Kwiatkowski Aircraft, Inc. and set up an office in New York's Rockefeller Center. Since then he has made millions buying, leasing and selling all types of new and used commercial airplanes.

He has been credited with single-handedly pulling out financially teetering Trans World Airlines in 1975. At the time, TWA was in serious need of cash

before TWA could cash it. "The sale was a turning point in TWA's fortunes," L. Edwin Smart, chief executive of Trans World Corp., TWA's parent firm, has said. De Kwiatkowski's fee: \$15 million.

De Kwiatkowski has also prospered as a horse owner. Since 1976, when he got into the business, he has struck gold three times. First he sold Danzig, whom he bought as a yearling for \$310,000, for \$2.8 million. De La Rose was purchased for \$500,000; a broodmare, she's now valued at \$3 million. Then came Conquistador Cielo. De Kwiatkowski is a gregarious, nonstop raconteur with a quick and ready smile—unless, that is, you're sitting across a table from him try-



Cielo (second from right) won the Jits Dandy, too, but in doing so sprained ankle ligaments.

and looking to sell some airplanes. One of de Kwiatkowski's many notable acquaintances, the Shah of Iran, happened to be in the market for aircraft, and de Kwiatkowski brought the two parties together. In fact, the Shah insisted on dealing exclusively through de Kwiatkowski, who hammered out the deal after months of negotiations.

The Shah eventually bought nine TWA 747s for \$150 million. When the Shah made the \$90 million down payment, he wrote out the check to de Kwiatkowski, who had to endorse it be-



ing to buy his prized colt for \$30 million, as Hancock was last August.

De Kwiatkowski says that his negotiations with Hancock went swimmingly—"Getting agreement with me took exactly 10 minutes," he says. "Absolutely no problem whatsoever"—but Hancock recalls it differently.

Hancock had drawn up his proposal on a yellow legal pad and, upon meeting de Kwiatkowski at the Reading Room, handed it to him to study. Hancock says he offered to syndicate the colt in 40 shares, 10 of which would be retained by de Kwiatkowski, at \$30 million, or \$750,000 a share, with each purchaser paying \$50,000 down per share, \$100,000 in January 1983 and then three payments of \$200,000 each in the following three years, with 10% interest on the last four payments.

De Kwiatkowski tossed the paper back across the table. "This is meager," he said, "compared to Windfields' offer."

Hancock was startled. "I was surprised at his tone of voice and the way he pitched it back to me," Hancock says. "It was as though I'd insulted him." Hancock said he needed time to think it over, so they set another meeting for the next morning at the Reading Room.

Seeking counsel, Hancock talked to two Chalforne clients he expected would each want to take a share in Cielo. "You like him and we like him, so go on with it," they told him. The next morning

continued

In the Travers, Cielo faded to fourth, behind Akenat's Rebel and the winner, Ransomat Groves.



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Conquistador Cielo

continued

Hancock made his second offer: \$33 million, or \$825,000 a share, with \$50,000 down and annual payments of \$150,000, \$225,000, \$200,000 and \$200,000. The interest: still 10%.

"You're getting closer," de Kwiatkowski said. The total money was fine, but now de Kwiatkowski wanted it paid more quickly—in four installments instead of five, with \$200,000 down from each of the 30 buyers. Hancock says de Kwiatkowski told him that Windfields had proposed giving him \$10 million right away. "He was holding my feet to the fire," Hancock says. "I was upset about it, but there was Windfields getting ready to make the deal if I didn't. I couldn't get huffy about it or he'd have said, 'The hell with you. The horse goes to Windfields.' I was between a rock and a hard place."

The following day, Wednesday, Hancock agreed to the accelerated payments, hoping that that would settle the matter. But it didn't. Hancock says de Kwiatkowski now wanted the down payment of \$6 million before the Travers. Hancock objected, saying there was no way he could get the money that fast, that it normally takes three or four weeks to get the first payment from the syndicate

members. Nonetheless, de Kwiatkowski was adamant on that matter. He also said that 10% interest wasn't enough. He wanted 14%, and he wanted the interest computed and added on as principal. It was a bookkeeping maneuver, but he wanted the total to be \$36.4 million.

By now Hancock was beginning to lose patience. "I'd never been involved in anything like this before," he says. "A tough man to do business with. But I just kept thinking about the horse and how close I was to getting him."

That he yielded on each point that Wednesday until he finally had a deal was a reflection of the hype surrounding Cielo and the nature of the place and time that the syndication deal was being negotiated. This was Saratoga in August, when the racing world gathers in one small upstate New York town, a fishbowl that is more a brandy snifter. Everybody is watching everything that goes on, so it's hardly surprising that owners act differently here, and trainers break patterns and train a bit differently here, and horses that ought to win are beaten here: Man o' War, Gallant Fox and Secretariat all lost at Saratoga. "They don't call it the

graveyard of favorites for nothing," Hancock says. And horses like Conquistador Cielo are syndicated here for more than they ought to be.

"Things happen up there that never happen anywhere else," says Hancock. "There's always some big scandal up there of some sort. It never fails. Some of the wildest things in the game have happened at Saratoga. Trainers get fired, guys' wives leave them. I believe it's the intense pressure, the intense scrutiny, because everyone in the business is up there. It's just the way Saratoga is. You know, people behave differently when they don't get enough sleep, when they stay up late every night drinking."

"You're under pressure, and the whole world's there looking at you. People do things, they make decisions they normally wouldn't make. I made one. I suppose, if it had been Keeneland in July, I would have taken a step back from the table and said, 'Henryk, you've seen Windfields' offer: Go on with it.'"

But no, they were in Saratoga. "People



To Fritz, here demonstrating on another horse the procedure used on Cielo, the taping presented no risk. The gamble was in deciding to start Cielo in the Travers.



were coming up to me and saying, 'Conquistador Cielo! We want to take a share!' I was being reminded of that every day I was there. That's why I went on with it. Without people running up to Henryk and saying, 'You've got the greatest horse that ever was, it's just unbelievable what you can get for him!'—without that, he might have been a little more rational in his thinking."

Hancock and de Kwiatkowski shook hands on the deal in Woody's barn that Wednesday morning. It had been a trying three days for Hancock. In syndication a stallion, he says, he thinks of himself as working both for the horse's owner and

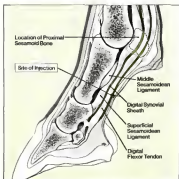
for the prospective syndicate members, his job being to work out a deal—the price and the terms of payment—that's comfortable for both sides. He knew the final Cielo agreement—\$825,000 a share, with \$200,000 up front and 14% interest—would simply be unpalatable to many breeders. It was Hancock's spot the next two days in Saratoga colaring prospective buyers at the races in the afternoons and at the yearling sales at night, apologizing to clients for the price and the terms but asking them to join in anyway.

"That's very, very steep," Dr. John Weber, a client of Claiborne for 15 years, told Hancock. "What do you think?"

"I think it's overpriced, but that's what it is," Hancock told him. Weber took a share.

Among the other old Claiborne clients who bought in were Virginia breeder Bertram Firestone, whose filly, Genuine Risk, won the 1980 Kentucky Derby; and fellow Virginians Paul Mellon, the philanthropist; Alice Mills of Hickory Tree Farm; Mark Hardin of Newstead Farm; and William Haggin Perry, whose ties to the Hancock go back decades. Ogden Phipps and his son, Ogden Mills Phipps, whose family had boarded its mares at Claiborne for 50 years, went in as partners in a share.

They weren't alone in easing the burden by splitting a share. Martha Berry, whose great gelding Forego was born at



To relieve Cielo's ankle, Fritz inserted his needle into the digital synovial sheath, withdrew fluid, then injected steroid plus an antibiotic.

Claiborne, purchased a share in partnership with the Calumet Farm. And Warner Jones and William Farish, who breed horses, joined forces on another. Jones, the owner of Hermitage Farm in Goshen, Ky., had been warned not to buy one.

"Two trainers called me from New York during Travers week and told me the horse was sore as a boil," Jones says. "Warner, don't buy a share in this horse," they said. I did it because I'm competitive. I didn't want some other commercial breeders leading a yearling by Conquistador Cielo into the Keeneland summer sale with Hermitage not having one. If we didn't have one by Conquistador Cielo, we'd feel bad that the other breeders did have one. You've got to be competitive in this business."

By the time Hancock left Saratoga that weekend, heading for Chicago to see one of his horses run, he had sold 21 of the 30 available shares, but it had been a struggle. Jones wasn't the only breeder to hear the word that Cielo was sore. Rumors to that effect had been flying like kites all week—there were even hints that Cielo might not run in the Travers—and they didn't make the syndication process any easier. In fact, by the time Hancock actually started the selling of shares, the horse was sore.

For months Stephens had been keeping a daily watch on Cielo's left front ankle, tubbing him in hot water to open his

pores, then tubbing him in ice, then dressing his ankle in a mud poultice to draw out the heat and keep the ankle tight and cool. The regimen was effective through the spring and summer, until Cielo got to Saratoga, when the strain of his campaign began to tell.

Shortly after the Jim Dandy, Stephens' stable veterinarian, Dr. Robert Fritz, discovered that Cielo had sprained his superficial and middle sesamoid ligaments. Fritz suspects that it had occurred during the running of the race. There was swelling in the ankle, a filling of the digital flexor tendon sheath with synovial fluid, and considerable heat. On the Wednesday

following the Jim Dandy, the day that Hancock began the syndication, Fritz knew there was really no way to relieve the pressure and ease the pain—to get the horse to the Travers sound—except by tapping the ankle, a relatively routine procedure he performs on horses four or five times a month.

Stephens worked Cielo half a mile on Saturday, a week before the Travers. Following the work, Fritz gave the colt a shot of Butazolidin, an anti-inflammatory drug on which a horse is permitted to train, but not race, in New York. On Monday, Stephens worked Cielo again; the colt went three quarters in 1:13, a second slower than Stephens had wanted him to go. "I felt the horse was puffing his punches a little bit," Stephens says. It was after this outing that Jones got the call from the New York trainers warning him away from Cielo.

"We've got to take the pressure off," Stephens told Fritz, "and the only way to take it off is with that needle."

At 8:30 p.m. on Aug. 16, after the last of the stable hands had left Stephens' barn and drifted off for home and dinner in the warm summer twilight three men, Stephens, Fritz and Assistant Trainer Scotty Penrod, gathered at one end of the deserted barn. Privacy is what Stephens wanted most of all now—no owners, no reporters, no one but Fritz to insert the needle into Cielo's ankle, Stephens himself to hold the light so the doc could see

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Conquistador Cielo

continues from

what he was doing, and Penrod to hold the horse.

It was four days and 24 hours before post time for the Travers. Stephens had insisted on secrecy for obvious competitive reasons. A healthy Cielo was viewed as a mortal lock to win the Travers, and any sign of weakness or vulnerability could only embolden trainers otherwise wavering on whether to run, to take a shot at whipping the favorite. "You let out one little iota of information about a horse's condition before a race like that, and they jump on you," Stephens says. "So the psychology of the thing is to keep everything as secret as possible."

In fact, Stephens says he didn't even tell de Kwiatkowski about the tap. "He wouldn't have known what I was talking about anyway," Stephens says, a judgment with which de Kwiatkowski agrees. Nor had Stephens said anything to Hancock, for whom he trains horses, though Hancock knew that something was amiss. "I'm not stupid," he says. "I was up there every morning. I knew they were tubbing him, working like hell on that ankle."

Penrod led Cielo from his stall and stood him on a blanket spread out on the dirt floor of the shed. While Stephens illuminated the colt's left foreleg with a drop-cord light, Fritz knelt down next to Cielo and cleaned the ankle three times, alternately soaping it with a surgical scrub and then rinsing it clean with cotton soaked in an iodine-based solution. That done, Fritz then wrapped the ankle tight in an Ace bandage to put pressure on it and then inserted a hollow one-inch needle about halfway into the digital flexor tendon sheath. Fritz squeezed the ankle, as if milking it, and about six milliliters (mL) of fluid drained out. It was straw-colored, with no sign of blood and therefore of the more serious problems that hemorrhaging would imply. "A relief," Fritz said.

With the fluid drained, Fritz attached a syringe to the already inserted needle and injected the ankle with a solution containing one mL of Depo-Medrol, a corticosteroid for long-term therapy, another mL of Prodel, a short-term steroid, and half a mL of Gentocin, an antibiotic. Fritz then removed the needle, wrapped the ankle in a cotton bandage, and Penrod walked the colt into his stall.

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For the time being at least, Cielo was Travers-bound. "Our decision to run had some risk to it," Fritz says. "At the time it seemed like a great deal of risk. Looking back on it, there was a degree of risk there as to whether the horse would make the course, given his condition. It's not the best thing to do to a horse. The best way to go would have been to stop the horse, give him an extended period of rest and then bring him back. But this was the horse's last go-around. It's sort of like playing a quarterback after doing a procedure on his knee to get one more game out of him."

Stephens figured that Cielo could win despite his ailment. "I thought I had to do it, and I thought it would work," he says. "I thought he was that much the best, that he could take the worst of it and win anyway."

Stephens had already decided that the Travers would be Cielo's last race. He and Fritz watched the colt carefully through the final days leading up to Saturday and the race. On Wednesday Fritz gave Cielo a final injection of Bute.

The next day Hancock returned to Saratoga, having sold 28 of the 30 shares. Now, two shy of selling them all, Hancock's drive stalled for good. But slumping sales weren't all that was on Hancock's mind that afternoon. He had heard the rumors about Cielo's condition when shareholder William Farish had slipped into the seat next to him during that day's program of races. Farish told Hancock that he'd heard Cielo had been tapped on Monday.

Hancock sagged. "I was pretty much shell-shocked already," he says. "I'd been battered around so much the previous 10 days I just felt, 'One more blow.' " The next day he asked Fritz about it. The doc confirmed the tap, told him the ankle was fine and added, "I definitely think Saturday should be his last race." That suited Hancock.

On Friday the colt ripped through a three-eighths-of-a-mile workout in 34 seconds, a last mistake. "I didn't mean to blow him out that fast," Woody said. The work had lit Cielo's fire for the Travers, bringing him to his toes, probably too much so. But the ankle was cool. "No signs of fluid there," Fritz says. "The ankle was tight. We flexed him, and he

flexed sound on it." They decided to run Conquistador Cielo in the Travers.

At 1 p.m. on Travers day, Hancock and de Kwiatkowski met in the Saratoga offices of Ogden Mills Phipps, chairman of the board of the New York Racing Association, and Hancock handed de Kwiatkowski a check for \$6 million, the Farm's money, as down payment. De Kwiatkowski took it, announced that he trusted Claiborne's lawyers, who had drawn up papers for the syndication, and signed them without reading them. "It's been good doing business with you," he said.

Hancock mentioned to de Kwiatkowski that two of the shares remained unsold. "When you see what the horse does today," de Kwiatkowski said, "you'll have people running through your door to get to them. I was offered more than a million for one share this morning, and I'm not selling under any circumstances."

A November wind came in from the north and combed through the trees that rise above the stallion paddocks of Claiborne Farm. John Sosby, the farm manager, raised his collar against the wind and strode quickly past the headstones of the stallion cemetery. Under each headstone is buried not the whole remains of a stallion, but rather the symbols of his life on the racetrack and in stud—his feet, heart, head and testicles. The names on the headstones spoke of why Claiborne has become the standard for the industry: Bold Ruler, Nasrullah, Princequillo, Sir Gallahad III, Buckpasser, Hoist the Flag. A stallion Hall of Fame.

Sosby stepped through a gate and walked to a paddock above the cemetery, the paddock where Buckpasser had gambled for years. The bay stallion living there now, his mane blown by the wind, raised his head, pranced briefly away and then bounded toward Sosby in a gallop. Conquistador Cielo drew to a halt in front of the fence, his nostrils flaring. Three stallion grooms approached him from behind, saying, "Whoa." The colt saw them, turned and galloped off around them. Sosby laughed. "He wants to play and show off for you now," he said. "He's that way."

Though caked with mud, Cielo looked

continued

Conquistador Cielo

continued

fine, alive and alert. He had passed his breeding test; in February he would begin his new career.

"Yeah, this is a good horse," said Sosby, watching Cielo cavort. "He's going to grow. He's going to fill out. He's going to make a good-looking horse."

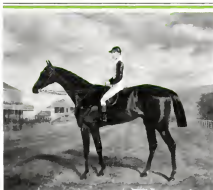
Of course, there have been no breeders beating down Claiborne's doors in the wake of the Travers; in fact, one syndicate member pulled out after the race, leaving Claiborne to buy his share. The race left a residue of second-guessing and second thoughts.

Stephens now regrets having run Cielo that day. "I'm still kicking myself," he says. Fearing *Aloma's Ruler*, Stephens instructed Maple to take hold of Cielo and sit back. But his 34-second workout had put a blaze in the colt's eyes. In the race he fought Maple and in the process tired himself to no purpose. There's hardly a more counterproductive endeavor in race riding than a jockey fighting a rank horse. But Stephens' orders were to keep Cielo off *Aloma's Ruler*. Unfortunately, Maple followed them to the letter. "I blew it," Stephens says. "That was me."

There's no way of knowing how much Cielo's ankle was hurting. If at all, but Stephens didn't like the way Cielo was moving as he ran into the backstretch. "He wasn't 100 percent. I should have skipped the Travers and run in the Woodward at Belmont Park two weeks later."

Jones is still kicking himself, too, for taking half a share. "I just feel like a dumbbell for having done it," he says. "I should have listened to those two trainers because I've got enough sense to know that if the sonofabitch didn't win the Travers on Saturday, on Monday morning his value wasn't going to be anything close to what it had been. I felt at the time it wasn't a good investment because

I didn't think there could be any upside potential. Who in the hell thinks a share at \$910,000 is going to enhance in value much? It's only got one way to go, and that's down. Oh, hell, it's over and done with. We just have to live with it now. There's no use hollering foul. I blame



St. Simon, with whom Cielo is compared, won all nine starts as a 2- and 3-year-old.

myself. I'm more than 21, you know. Nobody made me do anything."

Fasig-Tipton President Finney, a knowledgeable appraiser of a thoroughbred's value, estimates that the Travers diminished Cielo's worth by 15%, or about \$125,000 a share. "The charisma that the horse developed in those three races [the Met, Belmont and Dwyer] fell with a thump," Finney says. "When you're dealing with a colt that high in value and the beast proves he's mortal, without wings, it takes some of the gloss off."

There are syndicate members who, despite the Travers, aren't averse to the way the roll came up. The private breeders, who bought their shares to breed and raise their own horses for racing, have felt the blow of the Travers less than the commercial breeders, who will be marketing Cielo's yearlings. "I'm happy to be in the syndicate," Firestone says. "Cielo was a very good racehorse—lots

of class and a very good-looking horse."

"I don't think the Travers was significant," says Dr. Weber. "We didn't buy him as a racehorse. We bought him as a stallion. The Travers isn't going to change the coding on his chromosomes. Sure, the Travers was disappointing. But you don't stay in this business if you wear short pants. It's been a good business for us. We'll work out on the average."

After the Travers, Hancock felt angry and bitter toward de Kwikowski. "The deal forced Seth to ask too much of his friends," says Farish. But de Kwikowski has since spent more than \$6 million for five broodmares, including a world-record \$3.8 million for *Royal Honoree*, in foal to Northern Dancer. He has installed them at Claiborne and plans to send them to Cielo—"I wouldn't spend millions of dollars for mares if I didn't have faith in the horse," he says—and he did take back the two

shares that Hancock could not sell at Saratoga. "It's all forgotten," Hancock says. "He gets a lot of credit for buying those mares and taking back the two shares. He didn't have to do that."

Syndicate members will undoubtedly be sending top mares to Cielo this spring, protecting their investment by giving him the best chance to make it as a stallion. No horse rose more quickly, or more dramatically, than *Conquistador Cielo* did in those five days that embraced the Met and Belmont Stakes. On the basis of those two races, he remains a tepid choice to become Horse of the Year. And if he's a modern St. Simon, he'll have every chance to show it at stud.

"He's going to have a great book of mares," Hancock says. "The true test is going to be five years from now when we can see if he's making it as a sire. The mares he's bred to aren't going to know he got beat in the Travers."

END

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PERSPECTIVE

by FRANZ LIDZ

UNCLE HARRY NEVER LOST A FIGHT BUT HE NEVER REALLY FOUGHT ONE, EITHER

In that rich fantasyland where every sports fan is a champion, my Uncle Harry is the world's greatest boxer in every amateur division from featherweight to light heavyweight. His self-portrait in boxing gear hangs from my living room wall. He drew it in 1957 at the height of his prowess. He hadn't really fought since 1931, but '57 was when he reached the pinnacle of his imaginary boxing career.

Uncle Harry found everyday life a little too colorless. He began to invent his own universe. His letters are reports of explorations of his own creativity. I read them with interest.

Uncle Harry pictured himself as a kind of featherweight Egyptian prince in the ring, with his left arm jabbing and his right cocked. Using crayons from an eight-pack Crayola box, he gave himself white trunks, pink skin and plum-colored gloves. He proclaimed himself "World's undefeated and retired Y and AAU Boxing Champion, 1930 & 1931 and earlier."

Uncle Harry was the middle child in a family of five athletic brothers. My father, the youngest, was the fastest rope climber in boot camp. Uncles Danny and Leo outran the Irish kids laying for them at the end of the block. Uncle Arthur was once bopped on the head with a Louisville Slugger, Johnny Mize Model H117. (It was a tough neighborhood.) I have the bat. But Uncle Harry was the only titleholder. He never actually fought for the title; in fact, he never actually fought for anything after he was knocked out in the first minute of the first round of his first Golden Gloves bout. But, nevertheless, from that time on, Uncle Harry thought of himself as a champion.

He writes about his best fights in a cramped hand that tends to droop toward the right side of the page. Uncle Harry's prose often reads like the notes of an eccentric stockbroker: "Page a, Series 1976. . . I am sending a photo to you. One of me in colors. . . This is History! . . . In-

form me via correspondence when you receive it. . . also condition of item you verify." He seals his letters inside well-taped double envelopes on which he scrawls explicit instructions for the postman on what to do if it proves undeliverable in 11, 14 or 17 days, and where, amid the semi-indecipherable scribbling, the stamp is hidden. And he always sticks on a return-address label that reads:

Harry Lidz
President of Athletics
Retired Undefeated

Uncle Harry became President of Athletics the same way he became amateur champion in nine weight classes—by a supreme act of imagination.

He wasn't a bad fighter around Wash-

ington Heights, a section of upper Manhattan. He wrote me that he fought Jim and Otto Otto, a couple of middleweights, and beat them both. "On March 28, 1932 I was challenged by Thratcher Muggs Charlemaine Fitzsimmons, alias Gene Tauber, alias Apocalypse Death. I stopped him in the second round with three solid rights. The ref made me watch the numbers." Uncle Harry might have meant the count. His syntax and word usage were like a Roto-Rooter—in constant circular motion, and always out of sight.

"Why did he stop the fight?" I wrote back.

One of Uncle Harry's double-sealed envelopes with his presidential return la-

bels appeared almost instantly marked Special Delivery: "I broke his head." In between fantasy boxing matches, Uncle Harry wrote me about his Ping-Pong title: "I won the title in the annex of Gimbel's department store. I beat Shorty Wolf, alias King Willie of Germany, in straight sets." (Harry's opponents always had strange nicknames, but their real names were often stranger.)

Sometimes his letters are too cryptic to decipher. One entire letter said: "Cancan dancers are always hungry." Another one: "Happy Pal's Day." A third: "Happy Arabian New Year." Uncle Harry never sent me a card for my birthday, though he invariably lets me know when his is coming up. But we often exchange gifts. He likes to trade "evens evens." I mailed him a can of his favorite pipe tobacco about the time I got out of college, and he sent me an all-day sucker and a pack of Parliaments. I wrote back, on a note of whimsy, "The lollipop was great, but the thin white sticks tasted sort of bitter." Uncle Harry sensed an emergency. A certified letter arrived three days later: "You eat the candy or suck it. However, the Parliament cigarettes you smoke in at your mouth between your lips by puffing long breaths, first in. . . then out!"

He has always been a mysterious, elusive figure to me. I know him largely by the blurry photos he sends every once in a while. With his gray tweeds, black and white bow tie, and a meerschaum jammed in the corner of his mouth, he looks more like a retired fiddler than a retired undefeated boxer. He retired undefeated, of course, in 1932 after he won his last championship. "There was nobody left to fight me," he explained.

Though Uncle Harry prefers his fantasy life as a boxer, he might have been a bit of a hero in real life. He volunteered for the Abraham Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War. He was a courier with the Loyalist forces around Valencia and Badajoz, where he became famous for his ability to sneak in and out of the trenches while under fire. They called him La Cucaracha. It occurs to me that the reason he likes to be known as a retired undefeated boxer is that you can hardly write to your nephew that you became famous as a cockroach.



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BY STEVE

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 6-12

Compiled by ARMEN KETTYIAN

PRO BASKETBALL—Los Angeles staged past struggles south and into the Pacific Northwest. After seven Lakers had lost in double figures in a 128-122 win over Utah and again in a 128-107 defeat of Golden State, Seattle, just 4-5 since a 12-0 start, Los 100-100 to Golden State when Lewin Lloyd hit a three-pointer in the buzzer. In the Atlantic Division, Larry Bird was in full flight, scoring 24 of his 35 points in the first half as Boston routed Philadelphia 121-97. The Celtics finished the week for first with the 'Nets after beating Denver 126-112 on Sunday. Earlier the 'Nets were held to a 90-90 tie to Washington to leave them 100 points for the first time in a league record 136 games dating back to Jan. 18, 1981. Kansas City stayed at first in the Central Division, beating San Antonio 127-103. Utah set an NBA record by making 36 of its free throws against Portland, but still lost 121-121. Milwaukee scored in the Midwest Division, 256 games in a row of unyielding Detroit.

BOXING—MICHAEL DOKES won the WIBA heavyweight title with a first-round TKO over defending champion Mike Weaver in Las Vegas (page 30).

BOBBY CHALCON scored a 15-ounce unanimous decision over Rafael Lopez to win the WBC super featherweight crown in Sacramento.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—WISCONSIN defeated Kansas State 14-7 to win the Independence Bowl in Stillwater, La.

PRO FOOTBALL—The New York Jets defeated Detroit 13-10 on Monday night and then obliterated Tampa Bay 37-10 on Sunday at Freeman McNeil ran for two touchdowns (page 20). The Jets kept the 1-0 tie in the AFC East with the Los Angeles Raiders and Cincinnati Bengals. The Jets, squelched by Kansas City 21-13 when, with 25 seconds left, Quarterback Jim Plunkett completed a third-down 36 pass for 35 yards and the game-winning TD. Cincinnati left just winning 23-13 over Cleveland while Miami led 4-2, losing 3-0 to New England on Las Vegas' fourth-quarter field goal. Quarterbacks Dan Fouts of San Diego and Joe Montana of San Francisco combined for 600 yards passing and the two teams earned an NFL record 65 completions, as the Chargers outlasted the Browns 41-37. Buffalo shut down Pittsburgh 13-0, holding the Steelers to minus two net yards through while Seattle won the Chicago Bears dropped into fifth place, 20-24. Denver edged the Los Angeles Rams 27-24, with Quarterback Steve DeBerry rallying the Broncos from a 21-0 deficit by completing an NFL-record 17 straight passes for the AFC. First place Washington beat St. Louis 12-7 to run its record for third place just four points back of No. 2 Philly. Quebec, third in the Atlantic Division behind Montreal and Boston, won twice on the strength of its Stanley Connection. Brothers Peter Mariani and Andre combined for 10 goals and 16 assists in wins over the Bruins (10-5) and Pittsburgh (6-3) to go against Quebec. 7-1 Sunday night to take possession of first place in the Norris Division. Louie Blumfield and Detroit did some unexpected damage. The Red Wings finished off the Canadiens and the Flyers, both by 3-4 scores. Detroit upset the Islanders 2-0 in a no-nukes Game 6 of the Stanley Cup Finals. The New York Islanders, who had lost five of their first six NHL games, ended the season in New York. The Oilers led to four points over Los Angeles, though Wayne Gretzky's record streak of games in which he scored a point or more ended at 36.

HOCKEY—Washington outplayed on its ice again, scoring game-winning shots to challenge the New York Rangers and Philadelphia for second place in the Patrick Division behind the front-running New York Islanders. Victories over New Jersey (6-0) and Boston (5-1) together with ties with the Rangers (4-4) and Washington (2-2) moved the Capitals into first place just four points back of No. 2 Philly. Quebec, third in the Atlantic Division behind Montreal and Boston, won twice on the strength of its Stanley Connection. Brothers Peter Mariani and Andre combined for 10 goals and 16 assists in wins over the Bruins (10-5) and Pittsburgh (6-3) to go against Quebec. 7-1 Sunday night to take possession of first place in the Norris Division. Louie Blumfield and Detroit did some unexpected damage. The Red Wings finished off the Canadiens and the Flyers, both by 3-4 scores. Detroit upset the Islanders 2-0 in a no-nukes Game 6 of the Stanley Cup Finals. The New York Islanders, who had lost five of their first six NHL games, ended the season in New York. The Oilers led to four points over Los Angeles, though Wayne Gretzky's record streak of games in which he scored a point or more ended at 36.

SOCCER—NCAA INDIANA defeated Duke 2-1 to win the national championship (page 56).

INDOOR SOCCER—MISL, Cleveland tied Baltimore for first place in the Eastern Division as Force Forward Karl Blankenship sealed cup points. Cleveland's 8-5 win over St. Louis and 3-1 triumph over Pittsburgh. In the Western Division, Phoenix's 3-0 week left the Inferno with a three-game lead over San Diego and St. Louis.

HELPERS—AWARDED To Nebraska Center GAYE REMINGTON, 22, the Vince Lombardi/Rotary Award for the outstanding college lineman of 1982.

FINED By the NFL, New York Jets linebacker STAN BLINKA, 25, and Detroit Lion LEONARD THOMPSON, 30, a special teams player, for dangerous play. Blinka was suspended for one game without pay (about \$4,500) for throwing a forearm at Green Bay Packer Wide Receiver John Jefferson's head on Nov. 28. Thompson was fined \$10,000 for charging New York Giant Paul Riemer Leon Bright during a Nov. 25 game.

CONTRACT NOT RENEWED—As football coach at Army, ED CAVANAUGH, 34. He was 4-7 that year and had a three-season mark of 40-21-2.

Hired As football coach at Duke, former Mississippi Coach STEVE SLOAN, 38, who had a five-year record of 20-34-1 with the Rebels.

SIGNED By the New York Yankees, free-agent Outfielder STEVE KIMM, 28, late of the Chicago White Sox, to a five-year, estimated \$5.5 million contract, by Houston, free-agent Outfielder OMAR MORQUEZ, 29, formerly of Pittsburgh, to a five-year, \$3.25 million pact, by the Cleveland Indians, free-agent outfielder WAYNE NORDHAGEN, 34, an ex-cruiser Toronto Blue Jay, to a two-year \$430,000 contract.

SUSPENDED By the New York State Racing and Wagering Board, jockeys JACINTO VASQUEZ, 38, and MICHAEL VENEZIA, 37, for one year and for three months, respectively, effective Dec. 15. Vasquez was suspended for allegedly offering a bribe to jockey Eddie Maple to fix a race. Venezia, in 1978, while Venezia was punished for failing to report a bribe offer made to him by convicted felon Carlos C. on Lupo in the spring of 1974 and because he "intentionally concealed" offers during a 1978 season investigation.

TRADED By Boston, Third Baseman CARNEY LANNFORD, 25, First Baseman-Outfielder GARRY HANCOCK, 36, and a player to be named later, to Oakland for Outfielder TONY ARMAS, 29, and Catcher-First Baseman JEFF NEWMAN, 34, also by Boston, Pitcher CHUCK RAINY, 26, to the Chicago Cubs for Pitcher DOUG BIRCH, 32, by Philadelphia, Second Baseman CANNY TRILLO, 31, Outfielder GEORGE VUKOBIRIC, 26, Pitcher JAY BALLER, 22, Catcher GERRY WILLARD, 22, and Shortstop JULIO FRANCO, 21, to Cleveland for Outfielder YOUNG HAYES, 24, by the Indians, Outfielder LARRY MILLBOURN, 31, to the Phillies for a player to be named later, by the Chicago Cubs, Outfielder STEVE HENNERSON, 30, to Seattle for Pro. bet RICH BORDI, 21, by the New York Mets, Pitcher MIKE SCOTT, 27, to Houston for First Baseman-Outfielder DANNY HILL, 25, by the Yankees, Outfielder DAVE COLLINS, 30, Pitcher MIKE MORGAN, 23, and First Baseman FRED MCGRIFF, 19, to Toronto for Pitcher DAVE MURRAY, 32, and Outfielder TOM DODD, 34.

DIED Former 100-yard and 100-meter world record holder HARRY JEROME, 42, of a brain aneurysm, in Vancouver, British Columbia, Canada, was the NIAA 220-yard champion in 1967 and 100-meter champ in 1968. After running the 100 meters in 10.0 seconds in 1960, he shared the world record for eight years until Jim Hines ran a 9.95 in 1968.

CREDITS

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

STRIKING IT UP FOR THE BAND

Sir:

Having been a member of the University of North Carolina Marching Tar Heels, I particularly appreciated Heinz Klutmeier's photo essay on the Florida State Marching Chiefs (*AN HORROR UP!* Dec. 6). The band is an integral part of an athletic program, but its hard work too often goes unnoticed. Thank you for noticing!

ROBIN D. HUFFINES
Chapel Hill, N.C.

Sir:

Obviously, you aren't aware of the reputation of The Pride of West Virginia, the West Virginia University Marching Band. If, as you claim, the Florida State band has never lost a halftime show, it's simply because it has never competed against the Mountaineers. West Virginia and Florida State will meet in the Gator Bowl on Dec. 30, and there will be more at stake than the results of the football game.

PAUL R. SOUTHERN
Charleston, W. Va.

Sir:

The Florida State Marching Chiefs are a fine band, but I can't understand why you did an article on them instead of The Best Damn Band in the Land, the Ohio State marching band. I saw the two go head-to-head in Columbus in 1981, and if any members of your staff had been there, I'm sure you wouldn't have made the erroneous claim that the Florida State band has never lost a halftime show.

MICHAEL MOSKOWITZ
Reynoldsburg, Ohio

Sir:

As a graduate of Stanford and a professor at Florida State, I have had the pleasure of seeing Florida State's completely disciplined Marching Chiefs and Stanford's totally unrestrained marching band. Which troop is preferred? Let me withhold my choice until I see how the Marching Chiefs defend against a five-lateral game-ending kick-off return for the winning touchdown.

MYLES HOLLANDER
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

Two articles in your Dec. 6 issue, *All Hears Up!* and *TV/RADIO*, point up my biggest disappointment in TV coverage of college football. The way the games are shown, we might not even know that Florida State has a marching band if you hadn't reported it. Any pictures of bands in action these days seem to appear only by accident, when the network is switching between the New York studio and the stadium.

The worst case was the Nov. 20 Ohio State-Michigan game when we had, arguably, the two best college bands performing and saw, as I recall, maybe 30 seconds of the pregame and halftime shows. The announcers exacerbated the situation by telling us how much they enjoyed the pageantry. If it was so good, why didn't we get to see it?

HOWARD H. FROST
Catholun, Ga.

ELAINE

Sir:

I was moved by the Elaine Zayak story (*Flight of the Bumblebee*, Dec. 6). Having observed Zayak's daring but graceful figure-skating maneuvers on TV over the years, I can fully appreciate Bob Ottum's profile of this high-spirited individual. To think that she performed so majestically in spite of the tragic foot injury she suffered at age 25—incredible! Heinz Klutmeier's multiperspective masterpiece dramatically shows Zayak's determination. Let's have a standing ovation for a courageous, amply young lady who had the fortitude to overcome extreme adversity.

JOHN W. ALLEN
Pasadena

Sir:

It's unfortunate when a sportswriter feels that he must disparage a past champion in order to promote a new one. Bob Ottum has done Elaine Zayak a disservice by implying that Peggy Fleming wasn't a courageous and technically superb skater.

Let me remind Ottum that in her first international competition, the 1964 Olympics, Peggy, then a skinny 15-year-old, skated with the flu and a fever to finish a creditable sixth. As for her technical ability, let me quote Ottum in the March 13, 1967 issue of *SI* (*Crystal and Steel on the Ice*): "Technically, it was two double toe loops, double flip, double axel, some waltz jumps blended into a flying camel, with all that blended into a double Lutz. But never mind the technicalities. It was a dazzling picture of pink on ice and skating's most graceful show. Where the others had bounded to the attack, Peggy flowed into the jumps. It made all the difference."

This doesn't include mention of her signature spread eagle-double axel—spread eagle combination of a jump she often performed in exhibitions, a wonderful deftly single axel I have seen only one other skater, Robin Cousins, a man, perform this jump well in my 25 years of observing the sport.

What Ottum has forgotten is that Peggy, with her unique abilities, revolutionized the sport. Female skaters would never again look like the heavyset Skopje Djokstra. I would

hope that one day some young woman will do a triple axel with Elaine's athleticism and Peggy's style.

MICHAEL M. TSUBI
Roxlyn Heights, N.Y.

Sir:

Bob Ottum's story on Elaine Zayak was a welcome sight in our household. My family unanimously agrees that Peggy Fleming has been totally negative toward Zayak. Could she be jealous? With Fleming's athletic ability, an attempt at one triple jump, let alone seven, would put that "soft-spoken butterfly" flat on the ice. I'm glad the article brought all this out.

BARRY GELLERS
Flushing, N.Y.

Sir:

I commend Heinz Klutmeier on his spectacular multiple exposure photograph of Elaine Zayak. But having read about the mix-up concerning the original photograph in *LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER* (Dec. 6), I'd like to report a second mix-up on the part of *SI*. The picture shown is of a double toe loop, not a triple toe loop.

MARK W. JOHNSON
Amherst, Mass.

According to Anne Gerli, an international judge with the U.S. Figure Skating Association, Zayak is executing a triple toe loop in the picture. Her foot in the second exposure of the sequence can be seen clearly digging into the ice; she pushes off from her toe and begins to rise while spinning—the third exposure. The loops occur between the third and fourth images, between the sixth and seventh and between the eighth and ninth. The ninth figure appears only faintly, but if one examines Zayak's feet, one should, suggests Gerli, be able to make out a third loop.—ED

Sir:

I enjoyed Bob Ottum's article about Elaine Zayak. She certainly deserved the story, because she won the world championship with a radically different style of skating. However, my reason for writing is that my brothers, friends and I got quite a laugh out of Ottum's description of Lou's Tavern, the bar owned by Elaine's father, Rich.

As lifelong residents of Hillsdale, N.J., and occasional drinkers at Lou's, we've rarely seen a hardship there or heard someone say, "Did you see that durr?"—although the friendly arguments about what to watch on TV do take place. Also, the old Erie Lackawanna tracks that you described now belong to NJ Transit, the state public transportation agency, and daily carry thousands of commuters.

continued



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Safety belts save lives.

Farmer's Almanac predicts great winter for Volkswagen.

Last April snow delayed the opening of the baseball season, ruined peach crops in the South; and had people talking about another ice age, even though the last one started 18,000 years ago.

According to the Farmer's Almanac and National Weather Service, we're

in for a cold winter. Some forecasters are saying the winter of '83 could be the coldest one of the century.

Not to worry.

Ugly weather's a beautiful time to go out in a Volkswagen. VW's front-wheel drive pulls you through snow like a team of sled dogs.

Our brakes and suspension are designed to help you control the car on treacherous surfaces.

Pick a really bad day and come in for a test drive. If you have trouble getting in with your car because of the winter weather, borrow your neighbor's Volkswagen.

Nothing else is a Volkswagen.



part of the way to Wall Street and back, hardly the hand-bitten area that Ottum portrayed. But it was great reading about our town in your magazine.

BOB SOMMER
Hillsdale, N.J.

THE REDSKINS Sir:

Congratulations to Barry McDermott's article (*Hey, Look Who's 4-0?*, Dec. 1). It was about time someone gave Joe Gibbs and the Redskins the credit they deserve. The Skins are too often overlooked, and when attention is given to them, it's always mentioned that they barely pull out victories. Surely no team could win large numbers of close games merely by luck; in fact, with results like Washington's, must have earned them with skill and perseverance.

MICHAEL FRIEDMAN
Gastonia, N.H.

Sir:

You did it again, SI! Just when I thought the Redskins would beat those dreaded Cowboys for the first time in three years, you put them on the cover. Of course, Dallas beat us again. Please hold off on any coverage of the Redskins until they finally beat the Cowboys—maybe in the playoffs. Thank you.

MARK KRASNER
Potomac, Md.

MIT FOOTBALL Sir:

Your excellent SCORECARD item (Dec. 6) on the magnificent prank pulled by MIT students at the Harvard-Yale football game contained one error. MIT does have a football team, with a fulltime coach, former Blues standout Dwight Smith, and three assistants, including Ted Dumbauld, former Navy linebacker and 1980 Academic All-America. Although football at MIT is considered a club sport and isn't affiliated with the NCAA, the level of competition might be comparable to that of Division III.

Finally, as SI noted in a feature article several years ago (*Beating Their Brains Out*, May 26, 1975), MIT continues to offer its students one of the broadest intercollegiate athletic programs in the nation. At present, we have 34 varsity sports teams for men and women.

KEN CURINO
Sports Information Director
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Cambridge, Mass.

THAT FIFTH DOWN Sir:

Congratulations to Walter Bingham for his NOSTALGIA piece (Nov. 27) about Cornell football in the glory days. It was a warm, touching account.

I particularly enjoyed Bingham's description of the controversial fifth-down play in the Cornell-Dartmouth game of 1940. He mentioned my late father, head of the Eastern Intercollegiate Football Association. In the

aftermath of that game, my father sought to bolster the spirits of much-maligned Referee Red Friesell by sending him this telegram: "Don't let them get you down, down, down, down, down."

ASA BUSHNELL
Chief Editorial Writer
Tucson Citizen
Tucson

LONG DUNK Sir:

No, Marshall Coach Bob Zuffelato hasn't seen Dr. J take off from a foot inside the foul circle and dunk (*It Will Be One Testy Season*, Nov. 29), and sports journalism loses a little bit more credibility each time nonsense such as this creeps into print. Not even Bob Ilermon could do it. We're talking about a 20-foot long jump, at the end of which a guy is still at or near the apex so he can dunk. If SI can set it up, I'll bet anybody \$5,000 Dr. J can't do it. The takeoff board is 20 feet away. No fouls permitted. Also, we don't do it at Mexico City or Denver.

GEORGE KISLDA
Sports Copy Editor
Los Angeles Times
Los Angeles

BAD TRANSLATION Sir:

Curry Kirkpatrick blew it (*He Cleaned Up On the Dart*, Dec. 6). The headline referring to John McEnroe in the *Grenoble* newspaper, *Le Dauphiné*, JOHN LES DONG IS DANS LE NIEZ, doesn't mean "Is John picking his nose?" This is an idiom that means "Will John win in a breeze?" Kirkpatrick's boner brought unjust criticism to the French for a crudeness that was actually the writer's invention.

STEPHEN PARKER
Lawrence, Kans.

MORE NOMINATIONS Sir:

Pat Putnam's article (*He Took It All and Would Not Fall*, Dec. 6) on the fight between Larry Holmes and Randall (Tex) Cobb was very good. I watched the bout on television, and as Putnam stated, Cobb had only one gear, forward, and only one speed, slow. But watching Cobb sent shivers up my spine. It was uncanny how he would take punch after punishing punch and hardly even waver. I admire him for his guts and determination.

Also, while watching the fight, I gained even more respect for Holmes. In the 15th round, he didn't punch Cobb for 90 seconds for fear of seriously injuring him. Who else has the all-around credentials of Holmes to be selected in SI's Sportsman of the Year?

SCOTT SCHAELEMAN
Redwood Falls, Minn.

Sir:

Howard Cosell, for his assistance during the TV broadcast that they should have stopped the Holmes-Cobb debacle.

ROBERT BRILLIANT
Annapolis, Md.

Sir:

How about finally recognizing John McEnroe in Sportsman of the Year? His Davis Cup matches against Mats Wilander of Sweden and Yannick Noah of France not only showed his tennis ability but also his great pride in representing the U.S. McEnroe showed he has a very big heart, and we should all be proud he's an American.

RICHARD SLADER
Danbury, Conn.

Sir:

The Sportsman for 1982 should be golfer Tom Watson. His dramatic victory in the U.S. Open over Jack Nicklaus and his follow-up victory in the British Open signified his arrival as the successor to Nicklaus as king of the game.

TIMOTHY LANE
Bedford, N.Y.

Sir:

If Robin Young isn't deserving of Sportsman of the Year honors, I don't know who is. RICK KRAMMYER
Christopher, Ill.

Sir:

The pro football fan.

EDITH FERRIS
Chevy Chase, Md.

Sir:

Glenn Allison. His 900 series was a remarkable bowling achievement, but his dispassionate, resolute response to the American Bowling Congress' arbitrary denial of his record is even more remarkable.

JOHN ANDERSON
Denver

Sir:

Someone who isn't afraid to show love for his family, his friends and, especially, his opponents. The pride of Youngstown, Ohio. Ray Mancini

TERRY TURGIN
Youngstown, Ohio

Sir:

Northwestern Coach Dennis Groom, for improving the football program while maintaining a healthy balance between academics and athletics.

RICHARD HUMLER
Hewlett, N.Y.

Sir:

Cody Webster, the Little League whiz, and Luke Appling, the septuagenarian home-run king.

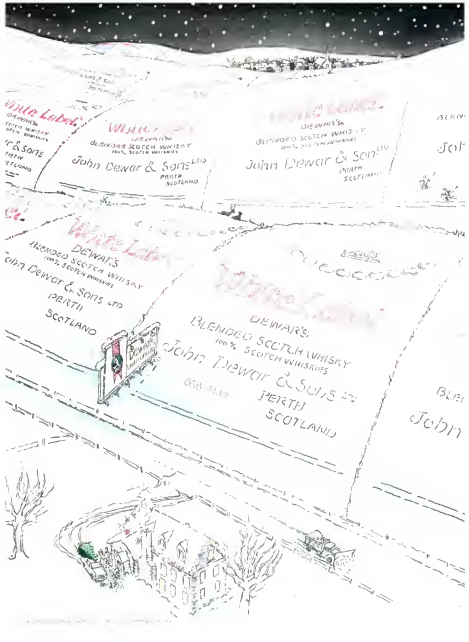
JOSEPH F.J. CURI, M.D.
Torrington, Conn.

Sir:

Reginald Martinez Jackson.

GLENN A. FIBUND
Scotts Plains, N.J.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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